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## NOTES.

OUR readers will notice in our Correspondence columns a characteristic letter from Messrs. Lewis & Lewis, which we have replied to as gravely as our rudimentary sense of humour will permit. We seize this opportunity for saying that any one who thinks himself aggrieved in "The Saturday" can, by writing to us, obtain such satisfaction as our sense of justice dictates; but whoever writes through Messrs. Lewis & Lewis may expect some such answer as we have given on p. 15 of this issue.

On Tuesday last Mr. Gladstone celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday, and the "Daily Chronicle," incomparably the ablest and most influential Liberal paper, used the occasion to remind him that "the golden age of Gladstonism" ended in 1880, and that since then he had ruined his party and wrecked the party machine. The "Chronicle" declares roundly that it is "no longer possible to regard Liberalism as in the line of the individualists of the French Revolution crossed by the Manchester School." The expression is slightly obscure, perhaps because of journalistic haste, or more probably through a youthful desire to atone for a lavish prodigality of ideas by a niggardly economy of words, but the meaning is clear enough, and the contempt for the Liberalism of the past sufficiently justified to be worth noting. But when the "Daily Chronicle" comes to deal with what Liberalism now is, it uses many words without reaching a precise or satisfactory definition—thus: "It [the Liberal party] is now a body devoted . . . to the better distribution of the leisure, pleasure, and treasure that a great nation accumulates"; and then, as if frightened by this jingling avowal of frank Communism, it adds, "and above everything the Liberal statesman should regard himself as a gardener whose business it is to grow better English men and English women"—a declaration sufficiently vague to suit a bishop rather than a statesman.

Nor is it only the "Chronicle" that perceives that the vital need of the Liberal party to-day is not leaders (of whom, indeed, there is no lack), but clearly defined principles of action. Lecturing at Edinburgh on "The Future of Liberalism," Mr. Haldane, Q.C., M.P., touched on this very question, and managed, as becomes a politician, to be a little more vague even than the "Chronicle," and infinitely more vapid. Mr. Haldane thinks that Liberals should "turn from all their counsellors"; "what they want is that the country should lead them again." Poor man! verily he seems to believe that the tail once wagged the dog.

No, no, Mr. Haldane. Bright spoke, and Cobden and the country followed; but now, the reforms they advocated having been realized, you must find out what it is the country wants at this moment. As it does not seem to suggest itself to these politicians in search of principles to adopt the historic method, we shall undertake the inquiry for them; and accordingly we publish in another column the first of a series of articles which will deal with Liberalism and Radicalism, and attempt to discover the true lines on which reforms in our society must proceed by studying those reforms which have already proved themselves successful.

Mr. Gladstone as a politician left much to be desired; but if in his leisure he is to take up the position of literary censor the country will have to implore him to name his own terms and send him back to Downing Street at any cost. There is, probably, no living man of position so utterly devoid of the literary instinct; and when he takes up the latest book of the Humphry Ward or Kailyard school and booms it, the judicious can only wince and pray for deliverance. His own works, as literature, are simply beneath criticism, and we doubt if a single human being ever wanted to buy one of them for its own sake, apart from its controversial value. Even his great speeches will not read, and in their collected form they find no purchasers. Hannah More had much to answer for when she presented the youth with that volume of sacred dramas of which we have been hearing so much.

Those who know the real Nélidoff, as every member of every embassy in Constantinople knows him, must have laughed in their sleeves at the idea of the Tsar's representative setting things to right with the Sultan, not to mention his becoming the successor, as Minister for Foreign Affairs, to Prince Lobanoff. It is an open secret in Constantinople that M. Nélidoff has not the faintest authority with the most insignificant Pasha, let alone with the Sultan. Alexander III. would have recalled him at least a twelvemonth before his death but for Nélidoff's consummate tactics, borrowed *du reste* from the late Nicolas de Giers. Whenever the recall of Nélidoff was practically decided upon, the secret of it leaked out, the Russian papers were full of it, and the late Tsar—a suspicious man at all times—rather than have the appearance of yielding to popular or even newspaper pressure, postponed his decision.

This did not prevent the Emperor of All the Russias from knowing exactly where the shoe pinched. Originally, the successor of Ignatieff was one of the cleverest men the Russian Foreign Office produced; but money worries did for him what they generally do for all clever men—i.e. diverted his cleverness into one peculiar channel, the navigation of which means to make both ends meet. One story in point will be sufficient. A

day an Attaché came back to the Embassy, pale, dishevelled, his clothes torn to pieces. According to him, he had been robbed in open daylight of fifteen thousand francs which he had just fetched from the bank (la Banque d'Etat). Truly, the Attaché had been assaulted by a fanatical Turk and conducted to the Embassy by Straker Pasha, but there was no evidence of the money having been abstracted. This, if nothing else, opened Alexander's eyes, if the constant stories of his attachment to the fair sex had not done so. But, as we have said, Alexander intended to bide his time. Nicholas II. is probably not as far-seeing as his father, but there is no reason to suppose that his counsellors have left him altogether in the dark with regard to M. Nélidoff's escapades of all sorts, and it is not difficult to prophesy that whatever happens he will not take Lobanoff's place.

Sir Charles Dilke has again expressed his views on Egypt to a "Figaro" interviewer, and whether his countrymen agree with him or not, he has at any rate this advantage, that he proposes a definite policy, whereas successive Governments have only had a policy of drift. No doubt we should like to keep Egypt, but how is that to be done in face of the reiterated pledges of our Foreign Office to France? If, then, we have sooner or later to submit to a revision of the present situation, why not let it be taken in hand at once with good will and without *arrière-pensée*? France has a dozen points of friction with England, and at every one of these she is bound to make herself as disagreeable as possible so long as the Egyptian question remains open. The alternative is to go to war on the question; but would anybody suggest that Egypt is worth that sacrifice? A war with our good cousins, the Germans, about Delagoa Bay would be popular enough, or if Russia went too far in China there might be contingencies, but a war with France, and that in a matter in which we are in the wrong, would be deservedly unpopular. Suppose Lord Salisbury, now that America is practically off his hands, were frankly to propose an arrangement on the Nile on the basis of the Drummond-Wolff Convention, does anybody doubt that the effect would be an all-round improvement in our diplomatic position? The Ashmead-Bartletts would howl, but nobody minds that.

Now that we learn that Irishmen have taken to Guinness rather than whisky, perhaps anecdote may rear its front. An Irishman drinking his Guinness with uncharacteristic quietude in a London "pub" was puzzled by an enigmatic order given to the barmaid by a Saxon customer. When the latter left the overtaxed one politely asked the barmaid what was the mysterious beverage supplied. "Why, Guy-ness 20," she replied, showing the bottle. "Oh, but we call that in Dublin Guinness's double X," said the puzzled one. "Oh, I dessay," replied the haughty barmaid, "you Irish don't know much." The smallest reparation called for would seem to be the unlimited supply of Guinness *gratis* to Irish applicants at London bars.

The question of Private Bill legislation is certain to come up along with other Irish grievances next Session. The discussion of Irish gas and water schemes at Westminster is not exactly a tax, and it has nothing to do with Financial Relations, but it is nevertheless a monstrous burden on every Irish enterprise. We have the figures of one town which had to spend £4,600 on an unopposed Harbour Bill and of a small Railway Company which had to spend £4,700 on two unimportant Bills, of another which spent £7,350 on four Bills. Perhaps the following is the worst case. A small and very poor town found itself compelled to improve its water supply, and the local authorities had a scheme prepared which, with careful economies, was to cost some £12,000. And the cost of their getting a Bill through allowing them to spend their own money on their own water supply was over £8,000! The thing has absolutely no defenders so far as the principle is concerned; but the ratepayers and shareholders who suffer have no way of making their voices heard, while the officials, directors, solicitors, and so forth have

every interest in getting a free jaunt to London as often as possible, and so the abuse goes on unchecked. We understand, however, that at last Mr. Gerald Balfour has taken the scandal up and that some result may be looked for.

The "moving bog" at Killarney has happily stopped before it slid down into the lake, where it would as effectively have put an end to that unique bit of scenery as did the earthquake which destroyed the pink cascades in New Zealand a few years ago; but it has unfortunately destroyed some lives and much property in its progress to its present resting place. The disaster will have its uses if it suggests to somebody the necessity for an inquiry into the best means of dealing with the vast wet blanket which renders a great part of Ireland as useless as the Sahara. The portion used for fuel is comparatively small, and the remaining millions of acres are an unmitigated nuisance and danger. If the peat could be condensed it would be useful for fuel or litter, and the ground reclaimed would have great agricultural value, but no one quite knows how to set about it. It is a good case for inquiry and experiment by the new Board of Agriculture. In Holland and North Germany they can compress the peat and export it to England, and actually to Ireland itself, at a profit, but nobody can make a profit of it at home.

At the time of the Jameson raid we heard a great deal about German influence in South-East Africa. The Germans were going to land at Delagoa Bay; the Germans were going to march through Lorenzo Marquez to the assistance of President Kruger; in fact, the Germans were held up to our excited imagination as the saviours of South Africa. From what has recently happened at Lorenzo Marquez, it would appear as if the Germans were the reverse of beloved, at all events by the Portuguese in South Africa. The German Consul at Lorenzo Marquez was lately insulted and maltreated, some say stoned, by the populace, and the German Government has naturally obtained satisfaction. Luckily the Convention between Portugal and Great Britain prevented the possibility of Delagoa Bay being applied as a plaster for the wounded dignity of our powerful neighbour.

Considering that Lo Feng-luh was the most conspicuous feature of the Embassy after Li Hung-chang himself, it is remarkable that so little notice has been taken of his appointment to be Chinese Minister at the Court of St. James. The present incumbent's term expires in March or April, and Lo is expected to arrive about that time. Lo is unquestionably an able man; he has had an English education and speaks English, as we all know, like a native. The fly in the amber is that he is not of sufficient consequence in his own country to justify his selection for such an important post. Wu Jing-fang, who has been nominated to Washington, has also had an English education, and has passed as a barrister at the Temple. He is, like Lo Feng-luh, a satellite of Li Hung-chang; and the appointments seem to indicate that the latter's influence at Peking must be more active than gossiping telegrams might lead us to infer. Of Hwang, who was nominated at the same time to Berlin, and whom Germany has refused to receive, no one seems to know anything.

Japan seems to be discovering, as Germany did twenty-five years ago, that even successful war, followed by a big indemnity, is not without alloy. She has not only failed in her object of forestalling Russia on the opposite mainland, but has seen the latter step into China's shoes as the dominant Power in Korea. She feels constrained in consequence to double her military and naval strength, and all this entails financial strain. There was an impression that Count Ito's recent resignation was brought about by these disappointments. Indirectly that was probably true; but the immediate cause was the withdrawal of his Ministers of Foreign Affairs and Finance. Viscount Watanabe lacked Mr. Goschen's capacity of conciliating the sympathy of the City as a preliminary to big financial operations. He failed to come to an understanding with the



moneyed classes before putting out the last instalment of the war loan, and only one-third of the amount was in consequence subscribed. Thereupon he resigned. Count Mutsu's health compelled him at the same time to resign the portfolio of Foreign Affairs; and, as public opinion pointed unmistakably to Count Matsukata for Finance and Count Okuma for the Foreign Office—and the latter was in the Conservative, while Ito had allied himself with the Liberal, camp—the latter had no option but to resign.

Matsukata seems disposed to pursue a policy of economy, and augment armaments more gradually than had been proposed; but Japanese sentiment is so strongly moved that it seems doubtful whether the Diet will accept delay. Okuma is credited with diplomatic skill and firmness, and some hope seems to be felt that he may retrieve a measure of Japan's lost prestige in Korea. She seems to have left behind her, however, such a legacy of hatred that she can certainly not expect Korean sympathy; and it is difficult to see how she is going otherwise to regain her ground.

The "Board of Trade Journal" is in many respects a remarkable publication. It has a tremendous number of advertisements (which must make this official essay in journalism a profitable enterprise) and a good deal of reading matter, which is sometimes interesting, but rarely original. For its articles are usually just a Civil Service  *précis*  of Consular Reports and papers in foreign trade journals. In the current issue, however, the Board of Trade presents us with what in the main stands for an original contribution, though official lack of originality is evident even here. The article is called "Foreign Competition with British Trade," and is almost entirely a reproduction, padded out with many platitudes, of portions of the book "Made in Germany." No acknowledgment is given of the book, and no doubt there is no actual borrowing, but just the natural coincidences which occur when two men write on the same subject. We refer to the paper now in connexion with the recent speeches, official and other, which have smoothed the back of the German scare. Now the "Board of Trade Journal" dilates on the reality of the German Menace. Is that to say that the Government is changing its optimistic mind, or does it only mean that official journalism is not always discreet?

A curious point concerning the Battle of the Nile has lately been raised in a letter to the "Times" by Mr. J. B. Herbert, who claims for Admiral Sir T. Foley, in 1798 Captain of H.M.S. "Goliath," the credit of passing inside the French ships in Aboukir Bay. The ordinary version, as found in the older naval histories and even in Mr. Laughton's *Lives of Nelson*, gives Nelson the glory of ordering the manœuvre. But a memoir, written by Sir George Elliot the elder, who served as signal midshipman in the "Goliath" during the battle, states unequivocally that when the presence of the French fleet was ascertained, the only signal made by Nelson was "Form line-of-battle as convenient," that the "Goliath" and "Zealous" raced for the honour of leading the line, and that "Goliath" won. Whilst the rest of the fleet stopped for nearly an hour to get pilots, these two stood boldly on, and at Foley's initiative, and Foley's initiative alone, passed inside the leading French ships. The French were unprepared on that side, the lower-deck guns were not run out, and in the upper-deck portholes there were piles of boxes and bags. The attack of a whole squadron by these two ships was, adds Sir George, a splendid piece of determination.

After all, we cannot see why Nelson in his discussions with his captains should not have considered this move. Mr. Laughton reminds us that he was intimate with Lord Hood, who had tried a very similar manœuvre in 1782, and that Foley had fought in the great battle of 12 April, 1782, when the French ships were found not cleared for action on the larboard side. Which of the two conceived the fresh application of the move does not matter very much. The captains of that

fleet were Nelson's men—formed and framed under his touch of fire. The glory which is won by his subordinates is rightly reflected upon the commander. The conduct of Foley—supposing that he had received no previous orders—illustrates the extraordinary efficiency of our personnel, especially of our officers, at this time. Sir George Elliot reminds us that the English fleet had all the best of the luck. The "Goliath," which led, had French charts, which proved to be accurate; the "Zealous," which raced with her, had English charts, which were very faulty, and which, if she had taken the lead, must have run her ashore. But war is largely a matter of accident—and perhaps of digestion. A chapter might be written on what Grant owed to his ostrich stomach and what Napoleon lost from his habit of hasty eating.

Boodle's Club is still on the razor-edge of destiny. The "Managers," as the Committee of Boodle's are called, have made a definite proposal to the members to buy the lease, furniture, plate, and wines from the present proprietors, who are the heirs of the late Miss Gainer. About two-thirds of the sum required—which it would be unfair to mention—were subscribed some weeks ago, and there is little doubt that the remainder will be forthcoming. In that event, a strong committee will make a resolute attempt to reorganize the Club. All the existing members will not be re-elected; but it is hoped that, by inducing some well-known Masters of Foxhounds and some members of the Royal Yacht Squadron to join, the Club may be restored to something like its former position. The new committee, however, will have to look to the cuisine and the cigars *qui laissent à désirer*.

Long before Balzac wrote his "Physiologie du Mariage" there must have been observant men of the world who were aware of the existence of matrimonial prédestinés whom nothing could save from "connubial bankruptcy," as Chamfort had it, through the deliberate malversation of the "conjugal assets" by their partners. The great Frenchman gave a good deal of wise counsel and valuable precepts to avoid similar disasters, recommending husbands to be sprightly and constant companions, &c. &c., all of which precepts are apparently to no purpose.

Take, for instance, the family of the Caraman-Chimays, whose chief member, I believe, Prince Joseph Marie Elie, is now suing for a divorce from his wife, *née* Ward, for having eloped with a gipsy musician. The son of the founder of the present family married the famous Thérèse Cabarus, whom most of the English correspondents have failed to identify with historical Mme. Tallien, the same who practically instigated Thermidor, which, by the death of Robespierre, ended the Terror. To have married the constant companion of Josephine de Beauharnais before she became Mme. Bonaparte, to have married the erstwhile "very intimate friend" of Barras, was a daring thing to do, and, whatever was the result, Prince Gabriel had only himself to thank. But the father or grandfather of the present petitioner started fair, at any rate, at the altar. Yet he found the "conjugal assets" being frittered upon a magnificent footman. He did not sue for a divorce. He told his spouse to pack her trunks and the valet to pack his bundle, saw them to the station next morning, and his last words to the flunkey were, "Adieu, Joseph, tachez de rendre Madame heureuse." Of course, Prince Joseph Marie Elie had no such chance; but he might have left the divorce alone.

How much longer are the sneers at William Morris's will to continue? The "Church Times" is at it now, and has celebrated the late season of Peace and Goodwill by a gibe at the dead poet's memory—a cheap gibe and founded on an untruth. It informs us that the late Dr. Benson only left £35,000 (which is not a bad sum for what Edmond About called one of the heirs of the Galilean fishermen), while William Morris is accused of having left £55,000; as if the larger sum were a disgrace. But the ecclesiastical journal omits to inform its lady readers that William Morris was a young man of

fortune, a term which would scarcely be applied to Dr. Benson, who very worthily made his own way in the world. And the "Church Times" states what is notoriously untrue when it speaks of William Morris's £55,000 as being "accumulated," and insinuates that his social propagandism "led to a competency." This stuff is beneath detailed refutation. One wonders in despair if Churchmen will ever learn the practice of that virtue which, so they teach us, is the chief of all.

#### "UNCTUOUS RIGHTEOUSNESS."

FEW men show themselves equally great in adversity and in prosperity, and our interest in psychology induces us to note just now that Mr. Cecil Rhodes is at his best when things go well with him, just as Clive was always at his best when the winds and the tempests were abroad and the odds against him most appalling. The Clives win universal sympathy, and yet we fancy it is harder for a man who has risen from the ranks to bear good than evil fortune. When the crowds cheered him at Cape Town, and Mr. Fuller, M.L.A., congratulated him on their cordiality, Mr. Rhodes replied, "I am lucky; these things generally come when you are dead." The cynical truth of the retort showed the man at his best.

Mr. Rhodes has been criticized somewhat severely by the "Daily Chronicle" and other papers for the speech he made at Port Elizabeth, whereas it is this very utterance of his which we cherish, not only as characteristic of the man, but as a piece of fine and sincere criticism which is absolutely justified by the facts, and which only a man of great ability and great courage would have ventured to express. On reading the meagre reports of his address we caught ourselves exclaiming "First rate!" and when we had finished our verdict was that at length Cecil Rhodes was himself again. No more futile denials and feeble excuses, no more evasions and subterfuges, but the proper defence of a strong man—Shakspeare's defence:

"No, I am that I am, and they that level

At my abuses reckon up their own;

I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel."

Here, according to the "Chronicle," is what he said: he sneered at "the assiduous attentions" to which he will be exposed on the part of the Parliamentary Committee, and declared that he did not expect much from the "unctuous righteousness" of the British public. Let us amplify his indictment, and see whether it can be justified. "I took Pondoland," he seems to say to the British public, "and you thanked me; I seized Gazaland and Manicaland for you, and thrust back the Portuguese, and you cheered me; at my own risk and with my own money I won you Mashonaland and Matabililand, and spread your Empire to the Shiré Highlands and made you undisputed masters of all South Africa from Cape Town to the Zambesi, and you hailed me as a conqueror and made me a Privy Councillor of our Queen. And now, forsooth, because I have failed to incorporate the Transvaal with the rest, you will plague me with questions, and try me according to the rules of abstract right and justice. What base hypocrisy! One of my earliest recollections in South Africa was the way in which Lord Kimberley stole the Diamond Fields from the Orange Free State. If you want to know the story, read it in Froude, and see what he says about the morality of it. Have you punished Lord Kimberley or given back the Diamond Fields to their lawful owners? You hypocrites! Who was it but Sir Henry Loch, your High Commissioner, who first put thoughts of revolt into the heads of the citizens of Johannesburg; who was it but the same gentleman who advised them to provide themselves with arms? You have rewarded him with a peerage, and will you punish me who have done nothing but carry out his recommendations at my own expense?"

No wonder Mr. Rhodes speaks with contempt of our "unctuous righteousness." We can only hope that he will speak even more frankly to the Parliamentary Committee than he has spoken to the men of Port Elizabeth. We Britons are not able to judge his offences, and he knows it.

#### THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE "TIMES."

WHEN Heine visited England he was not, as we all know, much impressed with our Philistines. Indeed, he went so far as to generalize from the manifestations of middle-class stupidity then in the ascendant in politics and literature, and gave it as his verdict that "der Engländer ist eigentlich ohne Intelligenz," meaning thereby, not that we were deficient in information or attainments, but that we were lacking in those finer qualities which lead to a quick apprehension of the great leading tendencies of the age: that, in a word, we were not "in the movement." Much water has flowed under the bridges since then, but one or two of our great institutions still stand pre-eminent for their monumental lack of intelligence, and of these the greatest offender is undoubtedly the "Times." In many respects of course there has been advance and development even in Printing House Square, but when Ireland is mentioned the "Times" at once instinctively reverts to its earlier manner, and we seem to find ourselves back in the early forties when the arguments of O'Connell were considered to be adequately discussed by a reference to the Irish leader as "scum condensed of Irish bog, ruffian, traitor, demagogue." In the whole history of our concessions to Irish demands not one instance will be found, even amongst those now seen to be most obviously just, in which the demand was not first refused, and refused in terms of coarse insult, by the "Times."

It is necessary to keep this historical fact well in mind if we are to appreciate properly the attitude of the "Times" on the question of Irish financial relations. As we have already pointed out more than once, this question has now passed from the stage of speculation and invective into that of ascertained fact. How to deal with the facts laid before Parliament in official State papers is a matter about which there may legitimately be wide differences of opinion, but to deny the facts because they may lead to unpleasant consequences is simply a piece of vicious perversity; and yet this is what the "Times" has been doing three days a week since the present movement in Ireland took shape. At the outset we are always assured, with a fatuous and dogmatic irrelevancy which reminds us of the positive old gentleman in "Barnaby Rudge," that the inquiry of the Royal Commission was undertaken "in connexion with the Home Rule Bill of 1893," and that therefore it is a mere party affair. As if any one at this end of the century would challenge the results of a Census or a Boundary Commission, for example, because it was undertaken at the instance of his political opponents! We are no unquestioning believers in the infallibility of Committees or Commissions where matters of opinion are involved. When Sir Robert Giffen enters into a speculation as to the minimum of sustenance of an Irish cottier we take his opinion as that of a highly trained specialist, but we claim the right to accept or reject his conclusions according to the evidence brought forward in their support, just as we accept or reject the opinions of Mr. Sexton or Mr. Redmond on the incidence of rent or that of Mr. Thomas Lough on the medicinal qualities of Irish whisky. But we are on altogether different ground when we come to the formal returns of Government officials with regard to statistical facts within their own knowledge. That is what Mr. Goschen wished to ascertain when he appointed his Committee in 1890—surely that had no "connexion with the Home Rule Bill of 1893"—and that is what has been published to the world in the Blue Books now before us. All the rest of it—the views, opinions, and theories of the Commissioners—may go the way of all Blue Books so far as we are concerned.

Once more, then, who were the witnesses, and what do they tell us? We have, taking them in the order in which they appear in the Blue Book, Mr. H. H. Murray, Chairman of the Board of Customs; Mr. T. J. Pittar, Principal of the Statistical Office of the Board of Customs; Sir Alfred Milner, Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue; and Sir Edward Hamilton, Assistant-Secretary to the Treasury. We have also the Irish Registrar-General, the Irish Commissioner of Valuation, and the Chairman of the Irish Public Works Depart-



ment; but we may allow these poor Castle officials to go by the board along with the rest of the "Times's" "ruffians" and "traitors." The four officials from Whitehall are good enough for us. In fact, Sir Edward Hamilton's Memorandum, which appears in the form of an appendix to Vol. I. of the Evidence, contains the results of the whole research on the subject, and every person—"Times" leader-writer or other—should be compelled to read that Memorandum carefully before he presumes to express an opinion on the question. The points that depend on the Union need not detain us long, although they have caused such anguish of soul in Printing House Square. Pitt's proposal, as expressed by him in his speeches and as embodied formally in Article 7 of the Treaty of Union, seems to us, judging from his standpoint at the time, to have been eminently fair and reasonable. Ireland was to pay her own debt interest only, and as for current Imperial expenses, she was to bear two parts to England's fifteen. Considering the relative population and trade of the two countries at the time we certainly think that this was not unfavourable to Ireland, nor would it have proved unfavourable if peace had been restored. Nobody expected the fifteen years' war in which England with her back to the wall had to fight for her very existence against half Europe. That war upset all Pitt's calculations, and in 1817 Ireland found herself up to the neck in deficits and debt. Then the rearrangement foreseen by the Act of Union was carried out, and again we hold that England acted fairly. Irish taxation was reduced from £6,599,000 per annum, the figure at which it stood in the Waterloo year, to £4,861,000 in 1850. This was in accordance with the express terms of the Act of 1817, which, while relaxing the Act of Union in so far as it fixed a rigid proportion of contribution, expressly re-enacted that portion of the Act which provides that Ireland was to enjoy "such particular exemptions or abatements as circumstances may appear from time to time to demand."

And so we get down to 1853, the real crucial year of the whole financial connexion between the two countries. Ireland was paralysed by the famine and by the rush of free agricultural imports which effectually prevented the farmers from getting on their feet again. Here, every one will say, was the time for the application of those particular exemptions or abatements to which Ireland was entitled by reiterated pledges. Yet this was just the period Mr. Gladstone chose for laying on successive duties in pursuance of the great scheme of "financial reorganization" carried out by himself and his successors, until Ireland, instead of getting abatements or relief, had her general revenue raised to £7,700,000, an increase of 58 per cent., the portion devoted to Imperial purposes being raised from £2,613,000 to £5,396,000, an increase of 106 per cent. ! We doubt if any civilized country, except in the course of an actual life and death struggle, has ever had its taxation increased in such a proportion within a single decade. Now how does the "Times" deal with this statistical fact when it is forced on its notice after three weeks of random declamation about Home Rule and other irrelevancies? Ireland, says the "Times," suffered, it is true, but "her loss was fully compensated by the importation of cheap food, the repeal of the sugar duties and the reduction of the tea duty." Could any sentence more fully illustrate the meaning of Heine's phrase? Here is a country almost exclusively food-producing, whose very life depends on the prices she gets for the food she grows, and yet she is told that she is compensated for double taxation by a reduction in the price of the article she has to sell. These are things that drive intelligent Irishmen, Unionists or Nationalists, almost to madness, and if the Irish Unionist party is shattered and destroyed within the next six months the Government will have the invincible stupidity of the "Times" to thank for the disaster.

#### THE EDUCATION OF OUR NAVAL OFFICERS.

It is an unfortunate fact for England that the weak points in her armour appear to be more clearly appreciated abroad than at home. No one who studies an article in the current number of the "Marine

Français," a journal which represents the "Young School" of scientific naval officers in France, can avoid an uneasy feeling that there is a certain amount of truth in the writer's criticisms of our *personnel*. He holds that the British naval officer is, of all naval officers in Europe and North America, the least educated in every respect. The British officer, according to him, is unscientific in an age of science. He is sent on board the "Britannia" when a mere boy, before he has acquired even that rudimentary substructure of knowledge which is imparted in our public schools. He has fallen away from the teaching of Nelson, who was pre-eminently a scientific officer. He thinks rather of going at the enemy than of how he is going to go at him. He cannot navigate in practice; he is chosen for command by favouritism; and he is simply living in the past, forgetful that success follows brains and not mere traditional rules. Of course there is a great deal of exaggeration in this view. British officers are good navigators, and it is ridiculous to deny it with the experience of the last manoeuvres, which involved some very ticklish work. They are not, on the whole, chosen by favouritism, and though there is some favouritism, there is far less in our Navy than in the French. They are, as a rule, younger than the French officers of corresponding rank. And, in spite of the depreciatory criticisms of discontented parents, they are gentlemen. But they are not scientific. The conservatism of the Service is so ridiculous that "x-chasers" are viewed with a certain contempt, and the "sub." with several "firsts" is considered unpractical. It would be a great mistake, however, to suppose that we have no scientific officers in the fleet. We have many, and some in very high command. At the same time, if more generous inducements were held out to the scientific officer, and if in the lieutenant's rank he were given greater facilities for study, we should have more of him. And we badly want more.

Science does not make a man a coward or unpractical. That is a modern English idea which has jeopardized our commercial position, and may even imperil our national position. Courage gives a man strength to die: science teaches him when and where to die. The two are inseparable in the modern fighting man of high rank, who has nowadays, it should be remembered, to handle educated men, not boors or criminals. The bluejackets of our fleet are of a very different quality from the pressed men who won for us our Empire. They come from the Board School, read a great deal, and have accounts in the savings banks. They must be led by men who are intellectually their superiors and morally their equals. Hence the importance of scientific officers is growing every day. But to get thoroughly educated cadets the age of entry must be raised much above what Mr. Goschen has proposed, and taking British naval opinion generally it will be found bitterly against the change. Considering the natural conservatism of the naval officer this is not extraordinary. Naval opinion was in just the same way against steam, the screw, the introduction of armour and breechloading guns. Public opinion intervened with good effect in all these cases, and public opinion may intervene again to-day. There is no reason why the two methods of education and entry should not be tried side by side. We are notoriously short of lieutenants, and the "Britannia"-manufactured officer cannot be produced in less than nine years. Why should not fifty or one hundred cadets of eighteen be entered from the Public Schools, as Commander Henner, a scientific officer who does his Service credit, has suggested? Naval officers will object that the discomforts of life on board ship, in a subaltern position, are and must be so great that, unless the cadets are caught young, they will not come in. This view surely presupposes that our upper and middle classes have gone to seed in the pursuit of comfort. But really, as the experiment has not yet been tried, it is absurd to dogmatize. By introducing, as a temporary expedient, cadets of eighteen up to University scholarship standard, a large infusion of highly educated youths would be secured, the way would be paved for further measures tending in the same direction, and our shameful weakness in lieutenants would

be partially and speedily remedied. Of course, if these older cadets proved unfit for their work, the question would be definitely decided, and we could then feel certain that the "Britannia" system was the best. The crucial experiment should be tried, and at once.

#### THE COMING REVOLUTION IN GERMANY.

THE German Emperor this month enters upon his thirty-ninth year, and next summer he will begin the tenth year of his reign. That is to say, he is no longer a boy playing with some extraordinary and exciting new toy, but a mature man, who has had plenty of time to familiarize himself with the nature and responsibilities of his position. No Englishman thought of Charles I. as a particularly young person when the Civil War began; still less were the French people restrained by considerations of his youth from escorting Louis XVI. to the scaffold—and in each case the sovereign was thirty-nine at the time. It is not necessary to follow these sinister parallels in search of any application. They have been cited only to show that when a king gets within hailing distance of the forties, and falls out with his subjects, he can no longer count upon their forgiving him anything on account of his youth.

Germany is not the place to which our present generation would look naturally for a revolution. One thinks instead of docility under tyrannical provocation as the distinguishing badge of the modern German. But fifty years ago it was German thinkers, German poets and pamphleteers, who were sowing the seed all over Europe which sprang up in the year of revolutions, 1848. It is true that the various risings and attempts at armed rebellion within what is now the Empire were put down without much difficulty, and that in the end the Princes seemed to be none the worse for the panic through which they had passed. Thirty years after the so-called revolution Prince Bismarck was able to boast that he had not only undone everything done by the 1848 movement, but had made kingship a stronger and more respected force in the Fatherland than it had ever been before. But much water has gone under the bridges since 1878. The generation which Bismarck bullied and cowed is passing off the scene, and the younger Germans who are entering the electorate show an interesting tendency to make for themselves another 1848—only with a difference.

Socialism was a meaningless term, even in Germany, fifty years ago. The men whom the revolutionary movement brought into temporary authority lacked either the opportunity or the courage to disclose any constructive political views that would not be regarded as commonplaces of Liberalism to-day. On the other hand, it would be a mistake to assume that the present Social Democrats are fighting for the whole programme of Lassalle and Marx, or are implacably intent upon any particular portion of it. But it is significant that the party in Germany which is not afraid at least to call itself Socialist has gradually broken up the more moderate Liberal and Radical parties, and drawn to itself most of the fragments worth having, until it now practically monopolizes effective opposition. Whenever the next Reichstag is elected, it is apparent that the Social Democrats will elect nearly, if not quite, 100 members, and will be able, by working with the Clerical party (which just now is busy with Socialist alliances in various Continental Parliaments) to control the Imperial Diet. This in turn means nothing less than Revolution.

The Emperor William began his career by threatening to shoot down the discontented "in heaps." Then, after a year or two, he saw a new light, and embarked with enthusiasm upon a different course. It was his ambition, in this period, to be hailed as the "working-man's Kaiser," and ambitious projects for labour-arbitration boards, improved artisans' dwellings and the like were what he cared most about. This noble devotion to the ideal of "Christian Socialism" was perhaps sincere while it lasted. The point is that it was doomed from the outset by the logic of the situation. The mere question of the Emperor's personal mood was really immaterial; it was the burden of his vast military and bureaucratic government which went on automatically

turning young Germans into Socialists, whether he smiled or he frowned. The hopelessness of his plan of charming Cerberus by a display of individual altruism must have dawned upon him even before he allowed Count von Caprivi to be overthrown by the Eulenburgs' intrigue. Since then he has rapidly abandoned one part of the pose after another, until now there is nothing of it left. He enters the New Year a confessed absolutist, frankly on the side of the master as against the man, on the side of the officer as against the private soldier, and with both as against the civilian. As the revolution is inevitable, he will offer it uncompromising resistance at every point. Hitherto he has been a changeable and uncertain quantity, but he is not likely to shift from this ultimate attitude of autocrat. He has ranged himself at last, and the struggle between Crown and Commons in Germany, so long confused and ineffectual, may be said to have entered upon a new phase.

#### LUTHER : LIBERALISM : INDIVIDUALISM.

LUTHER has some right to be regarded as the father of modern Liberalism; at least he was the father of Continental if not of English Liberalism, and the first to give the new faith authoritative expression in words. Goethe traced his intellectual parentage through Lessing to Luther, and spoke of the critical effort of his own time as a carrying on of the Reformation. It can hardly be denied that Luther's appeal to the conscience of the individual as the highest criterion of truth gave expression and emphasis to the principle which afterwards became no less fruitful in politics than in religion. Holding this belief, that the individual has no higher guide than his own reason, Luther of necessity broke with tradition wherever tradition seemed to him unreasonable, and claimed for the individual the most complete freedom not only in thought but in action.

It was to be expected that this creed would obtain a greater measure of favour and win more adherents in England than in any other country. Mr. Herbert Spencer has demonstrated that where the social organism is subjected to the greatest pressure from without, there the sense of solidarity among the units which constitute it, is strongest, and where this pressure is least, there the individual, as such, is certain to assert his rights most emphatically. Any number of facts might be adduced in support of this generalization. Attacked by Napoleon I., the Russians learned to feel and act as one nation, and when the German peoples were subjected to the same foreign despotism, they forgot their differences and patriotism became lyrical in the war of liberation. But by her insular position England is defended from this outside pressure. The "silver streak" is to her as a charmed girdle, and therefore one naturally expects that the units which constitute the English body-politic will tend to fall apart, that here, more than in Germany or in France, the individual will take his own ground and claim for his actions a measure of freedom elsewhere unknown, at any rate in Europe. So true is this that before Luther was born Liberalism in England had won many victories. In Magna Charta the rights of the individual Englishman came to clear assertion, and from Magna Charta onwards, through Petitions of Right and Bills of Rights, the most important legislative enactments during six centuries made in the same direction.

Inasmuch, then, as Liberalism stands for the rights of the individual and protests against tradition and authority, it was only natural that Milton, the great poet of Protestantism, should have made Lucifer in some sort his hero, for Lucifer in the "Paradise Lost" represents, as Coleridge was the first to remark, "the alcohol of selfishness." Dr. Johnson, too, gave expression to more than a half truth when he humorously asserted that "the Devil was the first Whig." The economic theory of Liberalism bears witness that we have rightly defined the creed. The characteristic peculiarity of the "Wealth of Nations" is that Adam Smith founds all his reasoning on the assumption that the self-interest of the individual is the one spring, the efficient cause, of human actions. In so far as this assumption is correct his conclusions are justified, but in so far as it is one-sided and partial they are false. Holding



Individualism as a creed, Adam Smith pleads, as a matter of course, for freedom of contract and exchange, and much can undoubtedly be said in favour of both of these when the liberty is confined within certain limits. But the later teachers of Liberalism regarded any restrictions of individual freedom as an injustice to the individual and as an evil to the State. Mill's "Essay on Liberty" is nothing but a reasoned defence of the despot's phrase, *L'État, c'est moi*; and this belief, in its last stage of development, may here be summarized. The property and person of the individual, say Liberals, must be protected from theft or violence, but that is all the State or collective will should provide for: the rest may safely be entrusted to the self-interest of the individual. Leave him unfettered by restrictions, and he will extend commerce, multiply labour-saving machines, and add enormously to the national wealth. No one can enrich himself without enriching the community in which he lives: the State will profit by the zest with which the individual citizen pursues his own advantage.

According to this, Liberalism might be defined as civilization made easy; but, alas! to much that is true this naïve creed adds much that is false. Of course, when such untrammelled freedom is accorded to the individual, the man of ability has enormous opportunities for self-advancement and self-enrichment. As an employer of labour he is certain to accumulate wealth, and in an open struggle for existence and riches his desperate energy will certainly profit the State. But in the next generation the struggle is no longer a fair one. The son of the rich employer may or may not possess his father's ability; but, if he be of average capacity, he has a long start in the race. "Wealth breeds wealth"; and where unlimited freedom is accorded to the individual a plutocratic caste is certain to be evolved. In such a society the many weak must expect to be trampled under foot: the death of the unfit is the complement of the survival of the fit. Where the employer of labour has the power of a despot the status of the employed is certain to fall very low. "It is," says Goethe, "an open secret that an over-great measure of individual freedom brings with it the worst slavery." Coleridge tells us that men can

"Wear the name

Of Freedom graven on a heavier chain."

This was the case in England at the beginning of the present century, as may be seen from the discussion called forth by the first Factory Act (A.D. 1801) and the provisions of the Act itself. The freedom of the individual when pushed to an extreme simply results in anarchy, and out of anarchy comes civil strife. The many weak combine against the few strong, and so, at the beginning of this nineteenth century in England, the workmen rose in revolt against their masters, and Trades-unions came into being.

If any one thinks this criticism hasty or inconclusive, the answer is that no argument against the later development of Liberalism is needed, for the creed, when put in practice, criticized itself beyond the possibility of reply. Scarcely had the proclamation been made that henceforth the individual should be completely free, and should be acknowledged as master of the whole realm of human industry, than the individual gave up much of his newly-acquired freedom in favour of co-operation. The importance of this fact can only be correctly estimated when we remember the insular position of England, which affords a guarantee that the isolation of the individual must here always be extreme, and when we remember, too, that the creed of Individualism had, in its practical application, achieved successes which caused England to be looked upon with admiration as a model State by the ablest thinkers in other countries. Yet in spite of this manifest drift and tendency of things, scarcely was the individualistic form of society called upon to cope with the modern development of industry than companies, joint-stock and other, sprang into existence with mushroom-like rapidity. It must be noted as all important that many of these combinations were completely successful. In many departments of industry the companies overbore the competition of individuals and justified their existence by results.

Liberalism, then, or the freedom of the individual, led in industrial undertakings to the voluntary co-

operation of the rich among themselves, and also to the co-operation of the many poor against the few rich. That is, the individual—no matter to what class he belonged—proceeded at once to surrender part of the freedom which he had acquired in favour of other advantages.

The reign of the individual ended in partial abdication. Who would deny, in face of this fact, that the freedom and rights of the individual in England had been pushed too far? A large measure of freedom must of course be accorded to the individual in every wisely ordered community, although we scarcely dare to believe, as Maine and Spencer believed, that in measure as society advances towards an ideal civilization, more and more liberty will be accorded to the individual. It is sufficient to admit that the hands of ability and industry must not be fettered too tightly. Roughly speaking, Liberalism has meant progress. The straining of the individual for a large measure of freedom must ever be an active force in politics. Individualism will always play much the same rôle in industry which the corresponding atomic theory plays in chemistry and the cellular theory in physiology. If therefore, at any later time, the freedom of the individual be threatened with too many restrictions, then we may be sure that some such body as the Liberty and Property Defence League will spring into existence to defend his endangered rights. At the same time it must be remembered that civilization, which has for its object the humanization of man in society, progresses chiefly through a gradual intensification and a gradual extension of the powers exercised by self-sacrifice, duty, love. Man is differentiated from the brute by and in proportion to his unselfishness, and therefore Liberalism cannot be trusted to speak the final or highest word in human affairs.

FRANK HARRIS.

#### MUST PETERBOROUGH PERISH?

##### I.

THE West Front of Peterborough Cathedral is one of the treasures of thirteenth-century architecture, as famous among West Fronts as the Thirteenth is famous among centuries. There is nothing wrong with it, except that the foundations do not go down to the rock; the Front has come two feet out of the perpendicular at a height of seventy feet in the course of nearly seven hundred years; and the rubble core of the wall, between the wonderfully wrought and beautifully weathered front skin and the back, has become disintegrated and ruinous. There is nothing alarming in this, as the remedy is perfectly well known. The foundations can be carried down to the rock by underpinning; the inclination of two feet does not matter in the least with a wall seven feet thick; and the disintegrated core can be removed bit by bit, and replaced with sound bonded work, without touching or disturbing one grain of dust on the priceless Front which is the glory of the edifice.

These operations are safe and comparatively cheap; and their practicability at Peterborough is vouched for by architects who admittedly have no superiors as authorities on the preservation of medieval buildings. If they are carried out, the West Front will give no trouble for another three hundred years.

The public, as far as it knows or cares anything about the matter, wishes the West Front to be preserved. The Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, familiarly known as "The Anti-Scrape," numbers among its members and friends the best known of our disinterested lovers of medieval building in England, including "master-builders" whose experience is unequalled outside the Society. They have made sound jobs of more rickety buildings than Peterborough without displacing a stone from the outside; and their absolute integrity, personal and artistic, is beyond question. The Anti-Scrape not only told the Dean and Chapter eight years ago to put up the scaffolding that alarmed the public so when it went up the other day, but told them exactly what they would find at the top of it as a consequence of the ruinous condition of the core of the wall. The Society of Antiquaries is equally roused, and is ready to contribute handsomely to the expenses. Both Societies are now exhausting



themselves in efforts to rouse public feeling on the subject, and are preparing specifications as to the repairs required, in none of which have any of their members the smallest pecuniary interest, even to the extent of their names being mentioned. Every connoisseur in the country is aghast at the idea of the chief ornament of the great Cathedral being "restored." Mr. Ruskin implores us to fight for the West Front as he would have fought in his prime. And yet the Dean and Chapter and their architect are going to "restore" it.

It may be asked how a building can be "restored" before it is taken away. The Dean & Co. are quite ready for that difficulty. They are going to knock down the West Front to begin with. And then Mr. Pearson (the architect aforesaid) will "restore" it with one of the best sham thirteenth-century fronts the year 1897 can produce.

Residentiary Canon Clayton, simpleton in chief to the Restoration Committee, writes the usual letter to the "Daily Graphic" (21 December), enclosing a modest drawing of the three famous gables, showing that nothing is contemplated but a patch on the crown of the north gable, and explaining that even that bit, when taken down, will be rebuilt "stone for stone." Poor innocent Canon! has he never heard that very old story before; and does he really believe that a mighty medieval wall, 700 years old, can be daintily picked to pieces and piled neatly up again, "stone for stone," even by so eminent a restorer as Mr. Pearson? The disintegrated rubble core of that wall can be taken out safely enough, and replaced invisibly with trustworthy bricks and mortar. But the wonderful front skin of formidable ashlar cannot be unpiled like a child's stack of wooden bricks: it will be either let alone or *smashed* away; and not one stone in five, even though its fragments were cherished like those of the Portland Vase, will ever face the weather again. The guileless Canon, once the Front is broken, will find his Committee meetings enlivened with report after report from the architect, showing how the operations have revealed that the south gable is in a condition not to be contemplated without anxiety, and how it is to be desired that further funds should be forthcoming to make sure of the middle gable, and to renew the pillars. And the end will be a new West Front, and a sentence in Baedeker: "The West Front was completely restored in 1897," which will elicit from the weary tourist the familiar sigh of relief at having one cathedral less to visit.

Let no man, on reading this, hastily declare that the West Front must and shall be saved. All the powers of destruction are leagued against it. Let it be considered, first and above all, that if the Front is properly preserved, *there will be nothing to show for the money.* The West Front will simply stand as it has always stood, for all the world as if not a farthing had been spent on it. Fancy the feelings of the subscribers who are looking forward to seeing it sandpapered to the raw, with nice new carving, nice new statues, nice new stones, and a general suggestion about it that God has moved into a nice new house, with superior arrangements, presented to Him by an influential Committee! Consider the position of the Dean and Chapter if, by yielding to the Anti-Scrape, they give colour to the profane contention of that body that Deans and Chapters should not be allowed to knock down and rebuild the nation's cathedrals—nay, the world's cathedrals—as they dare not, without leave from their landlords, knock down and rebuild their own villas! Consider, too, the feelings of Mr. Pearson and his called-in consultant, Sir Arthur Blomfield. When Sir Arthur's "restorations" are challenged, he simply says, "Pearson: am I right?" "Of course you are right," replies Mr. Pearson. At Peterborough, Mr. Pearson being challenged, exclaims, "Blomfield: am I right?" "Of course you are," is the reply, which settles the question; for where are two more eminent restorers than Mr. Pearson and Sir Arthur Blomfield to be found?

Let us be just to these eminent "restorers." If their services be called in by Deans and Chapters who, not being experts, must be guided by reputations built on the follies of other Deans and other Chapters, they must propose the methods in which they are proficient, and not those which lie quite outside the profession

of architect as now practised. Mr. Pearson can knock down a genuine medieval building and substitute for it a sham one—no man more efficiently. But he cannot *preserve* a building, because that work cannot be done on drawing-boards or imitated from medieval "styles," nor can several such jobs be undertaken and carried out simultaneously. With twenty important works demanding his attention in the year, his art is necessarily an art of designing and then of delegation—consequently, after the design is made, an art of routine by contract. Now the preserver cannot either design or delegate, because he cannot tell from hour to hour how his work ought to progress. Even if he has not to teach jerry-trained workmen how to mix mortar and lay bricks, he must choose at almost every step between what to renew and what to let alone, as well as how to get round unforeseen difficulties and solve all sorts of petty engineering and building problems. He must always be on the spot. In short, the triumphs of the fashionable architect fit him for meddling with cathedral preservation about as well as the triumphs of an operative tenor fit him for repairing trumpets. His fashionableness and activity as a designer of new buildings are the measure of the necessity for keeping him away from old ones. If any one doubts it, they can look at the nearest "restoration": it is sure not to be very far off. Westminster Abbey exhibits some interesting examples of Mr. Pearson's restorative ability.

However, all this has been said before, officially contradicted before, and subsequently proved before. It is to be regretted that the experts of the Anti-Scrape are not to be shaken in their view that they cannot publicly put their names and achievements against those of the "restorers" without breaking their rule of keeping the activity of the Society free at all hazards from suspicion of professional advertisement. When William Morris was alive this did not matter so much, since he was not an architect, and could speak out without fear of misconstruction. But now that he is gone, the Dean and Chapter are masters of the situation; and when all is said that can be said, they will have eminent professional authority for preferring new West Fronts to old ones just as sincerely, no doubt, as they prefer new hats to old ones. Being technically and artistically ignorant, and socially mundane and precinctuary, they know no better. Only, the West Front of Peterborough is a terribly heavy price for the nation to pay for their imbecility.

## II.

THE destroyers of ancient architecture in the last century were more ruthless than our contemporary restorers, but not so stupid. When the Fellows of Magdalen, at Oxford, got out a scheme for rebuilding the whole of their cloister quad, they did so in frank dislike of the style of the fifteenth century; they had confidence in their own taste, knew what sort of rooms they would feel most comfortable in, and had no more scruples in accommodating themselves at the expense of the monuments of a previous age than the men of the fifteenth century had before them. Antiquarian scruple or accident did intervene in the nick of time, or rather when the destruction had actually begun, and in a less confident or less presumptuous age these cloisters are the resort of pilgrims from two continents.

But the new spirit of historical interest and eclectic appreciation gave itself over in its childhood to a mode of dealing with those monuments more fatal than sheer destruction. A race of narrow fanatics arose, who, on the pretext of "restoring the original intention of the designer," succeeded in falsifying most of the documents. The result is that for the present generation very little authentic Gothic art survives, and there is danger that for the coming generation Gothic art will be a byword and its reputation a puzzle. The aggravated form of this mistaken enthusiasm insisted on reducing our churches to the earliest of the several styles in which they were built. So strict a purism must run its head sooner or later against the hopeless incompatibilities of our churches; but even within the last twenty years an incompetent pedant was allowed to ruin the lovely church of St. Albans on this plea, and quite lately, Mr. Pearson, the architect whose scheme at

Peterborough is in question, was prevented with difficulty from pulling down a library at Lincoln designed by Sir Christopher Wren.

Of late years the remonstrances of Mr. Ruskin and William Morris and the activity of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, commonly known as the Anti-Scrape, have given some actual check or affectation of modesty to the confidence of the restorers. Proposals to rebuild ancient buildings are not so barefaced. In the case of the west front of Peterborough there is talk of beginning with one gable only, and a sop is thrown to an ignorant public by the promise to replace the old stones "as far as possible." Does any architect read this without smiling? Unluckily such faltering comes rather late in the day. Sir Gilbert Scott, the late Mr. Street, and their successors have made almost a clean sweep of our cathedrals and churches. Where something of the shape and fabric remains the buildings have been furnished without and within from fashionable shops; accursed modern sculpture has the impudence to take the place of the beautiful ghosts and fragments of the past (some day we shall have substitutes for the priceless figures at Wells as at Salisbury, and the very ordinary framework of architecture that encloses them "reverently" restored), and the very light in the interiors is contaminated by gaudy glass. There is hardly a vicar in a country church now who cannot look about him with complacency on shiny new tiles, chippy woodwork, chopped-out pews, and silly gimcrackery of every sort.

To this fate the interior of Peterborough has already submitted. Mr. Pearson is a learned man, a scholar and competent grammarian in Gothic. But let any one who wishes to gauge his artistic calibre visit the Cathedral. An elaborate marble pavement of paltry design floors the chancel: its cost would have gone far to preserve the front; over the altar is a marble baldachino, learned in style, childish in effect. The stalls have been restored after the fragments of a design better forgotten ("cost £120 each," boasts the verger; "could have gnawed them better with my teeth," was William Morris's comment); a pulpit and organ loft are worse still, and a rood screen awaits subscriptions. Whether the marble pulpit in the nave is by the same designer I do not know—it and the vulgar monument in the churchyard to Archbishop Magee ought to be promptly taken away and buried.

The West Front remains, and Mr. Pearson, fresh from destroying Wren's front to the north transept of Westminster Abbey, is prepared to deal with it. This West Front is not the most beautiful, but it is, perhaps, the most surprising and extravagant outburst of Gothic imagination in our country. Every fool can see, and several have proclaimed, that its logical relation to the Cathedral is of the slightest—nay, even regarded by itself as a design, it is no very perfect example of architectural proportion. Further, its faulty construction, work of an eager ambition that outgrew strength, had to be propped up by an awkward fifteenth-century addition. But with all its faults, it is the rare case in our Gothic period where an architect was intoxicated by the idea of a portal, as others by the idea of a vault or a tower. The man said to himself, I will ignore the heavy Norman church behind, and build a gate as gates are built in dreams. Such a structure can never be so completely satisfactory as, for example, the portals of certain Indian Temples, at once superb and congruous; but it carries with it so much of the temper and beauties of a great period that, while it would be absurd to rebuild the structure, it would be a shameful thing not to preserve it. What is more, in addition to the original fantasy of its piers and beauty of detail and imagery in its gables, this front has the beauty of age. Restorers forget how much this charm of tender line, softened modelling, and lovely colour have to do with our delight in Gothic buildings; it is not the original that we admire or desire, but a new thing, that never existed for the designer, the work half of time; many a Gothic building restored to its sharp original would proclaim and insist upon forms and proportions not so very admirable in themselves, but forgivable when a rich surface plays in with the structural features.

The right policy, then, would seem to be to preserve these Gothic fragments so long as they can be held together and a shadow of them remains; then frankly to rebuild with some other design. Better let the West Front of Peterborough crumble down than put up a hard imitation. But this is not the alternative. The Dean and Chapter indeed assert, on the authority of Mr. Pearson, that there is danger to life and limb if his scheme be not carried out. Really, with Westminster Abbey before us, we must be allowed to think that Mr. Pearson is carried away by his habit of rebuilding. Is it quite beyond the powers of modern engineering, that can move mountains, can build Forth Bridges and Eiffel Towers, to prop up a church gable without first taking it down? Mr. Pearson, challenged on this head, has called in a "second opinion." But surely the comedy becomes too little plausible when that second opinion is Sir Arthur Blomfield's; for if there is another "restorer" as notable as Mr. Pearson, it is Sir Arthur. And who speaks on the other side? Against Mr. Pearson we have Mr. Micklethwaite, who is at least his equal in learning and architectural knowledge; Mr. Philip Webb, in every way a more distinguished architect—to name only two—and the whole authority of the Society of Antiquaries, backed by the opinion of an engineer. These gentlemen assert that it would be possible to preserve the West Front without rebuilding by strengthening from behind: the Society pledges itself to find the money to carry out this scheme, and entreats the Dean and Chapter to pause until such an alternative scheme is laid before them in detailed specification. The Dean and Chapter refuse blankly to consider such a scheme, or to allow the Society's advisers admission to the building to prepare their specifications. We need not be too hard on the Dean and Chapter. Their attitude is perhaps officially "correct" in standing by their appointed adviser, but they invite public subscriptions to carry out the restoration; the public, therefore, has a voice in what is to be done. If any one has already subscribed, he may well demand a stay of execution till the Antiquaries' scheme is fairly considered, and the matter is so important as to override questions of the *amour propre* of Chapter or architect. The very fellow-academicians of the two architects are turning against them, and the obstinacy of the Chapter may go far to imperil the powers of such guardians in the future. The "Daily Chronicle," which has fought a good fight in this matter, calls for a Minister of the Fine Arts as custodian of all ancient monuments. It is doubtful how far such a remedy would be effective; the tale of restoration in France is not more reputable than our own. But it is necessary that all watchdogs should be on the alert against the appalling want of taste and discretion that prevails among clerics. An innocent gentleman who wrote to the papers appeared to think that a good degree or literary distinction insured a fine taste in the arts. Alas! what they like in colleges, in deaneries and palaces is the drama of Mr. Wilson Barrett, the painting of Mr. Schmalz, the architecture of Mr. Waterhouse.

D. S. M.

#### REFLECTIONS FROM THE RAND.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

JOHANNESBURG, 7 December, 1896.

THE public here are just beginning to grasp the fact that, while it is all very well to inveigh against the Government for its reactionary policy, to bewail the dearness of labour and the scarcity of water, to repine against rinderpest, and to denounce "bears" and market manipulators, there can be no real hope for the mining industry while the worst sore remains unhealed. I allude to the abuse by directors of important companies of the powers and authority vested in them. Some strange facts have just come to light regarding the Salisbury Company and its directorate. On 23 November last a circular was issued from the Company's Pietermaritzburg head office giving notice of a special general meeting to be held on 29 December—at a date, it will be observed, which, does not allow time for any response to be received from English and foreign shareholders—for



the purpose of granting the directors power to dispose of certain stands belonging to the Company, and for passing certain alterations and amendments to the trust deed. It is in these alterations to the trust deed—which is already a very wide instrument—that the danger lurks. With regard to the 37 stands which are to be disposed of, a provisional agreement for their acquisition by purchase on behalf of the Marshall's Township Syndicate has already been entered into, and the terms on which the sale is to be effected are equitable and reasonable enough, and represent a fair deal for the Salisbury Company. But, under cover of this sale of stands and of obtaining the necessary authority to carry it to a conclusion, the directors are asking for such extended powers as threaten the entire alienation of the Company's interest in certain deep-level claims and other auriferous area. The circular calling the meeting merely gives the proposed additions and deletions, without giving the text of the clauses of the trust deed which it is proposed to alter. In this form the alterations seem harmless enough, but not so when read in conjunction with the existing text of the trust deed. Thus, the provision that any sale or encumbrance of the Company's property can only take place after approval by two-thirds of the votes at a meeting of shareholders, representing at least one-half the votes of the Company, is eliminated. The second amendment practically renders the directors independent of any vote or control by the general body of shareholders by removing, after the words "The management of the business and the control of the Company shall be vested in the directors," the at present existing safeguard "but subject nevertheless to any regulations from time to time made by the Company in general meeting," and the remaining alterations to the trust deed are all to the same effect—bestowing upon the directors untrammelled power to do just what they like with the Company's entire property and assets, without reference to the shareholders. What dangerous powers this virtual abandonment by the shareholders of all confirmatory control places in the hands of the directors will become clear after perusal of the following extract from a statement made by the chairman at the last annual meeting, in response to an importunate shareholder: "We hold jointly with the Jubilee Company thirty-three claims on the dip of the City and Suburban and Village Main Reef properties, and it is very difficult indeed to give any estimate as to the value of these claims. They are worth, I should say, some hundreds of thousands of pounds. We also possess jointly with the Jubilee Company half of the Wemmer pan, and freehold land adjoining in extent about 64 acres. This estate is also a very valuable one. Then in our own right we hold a water right and claims upon the Natal spruit on the dip of the Wolhuter Company. This estate is also of great value. Again, we hold a separate water right upon the west of the Wemmer pan, which is worth a considerable sum of money, but no attempt has been made to value these properties, the Board being content to let them appear in the balance-sheet at their cost price to the Company (£43,620). *The valuation was, perhaps, only a thousandth part of their value to-day.*" I may, in order to throw light upon the subject, remark that this last-quoted sentence, which I have italicized, is taken from the "Natal Witness's" account of the proceedings at the annual meeting, but does not appear in the Company's official report, bound up with the balance-sheet and financial statements distributed to the shareholders. The Salisbury Mine, despite its unrivalled position and close proximity to the best-paying mines of the Central Rand, has not hitherto, whether through bad management or incompetent administration, been worked at a profit; and under these circumstances it is hard to believe that the extended powers which the directors are now praying for are required only to facilitate the more successful manipulation of the mine. What, then, can be the object of this demand for such exceptional powers as shall place the directors, in their disposal of these huge assets, high and dry above the wishes or authority of the shareholders? Why was the meeting convened at such notice? It will not be denied that by far the greater part of the shares in the Salisbury Company are held by foreign

investors, even after making allowance for the 200 and 126 respectively registered in the names of the two principal directors of the Company—the latter holding being that of the chairman of the Company, Mr. Greene. Yet these foreign shareholders are allowed no opportunity of being represented either in person or by proxy at a meeting at which the business to be transacted is of so important and far-reaching a character. It is idle for these shareholders now to solace themselves with the reflection that, in the absence of the necessary share representation, the extraordinary business for which the meeting has been convened cannot be dealt with; for, according to Article 163 of the trust deed, even as it now stands, authority is given to the chairman to adjourn the meeting in such case for a period of not less than fourteen days, after which date an ordinary quorum is qualified to conclude the business for which such meeting was originally called. It will thus be seen that, as matters stand at present, the directors have the game quite in their own hands.

Considerable feeling has been provoked in "alien" circles by the alleged discourtesy exhibited towards Mr. Conyngham Greene, the new British Agent, on his arrival at the capital. Apart from a large gathering of influential British residents, the only official representative on the platform to greet him was Yonkeer Sandberg, the private secretary of Dr. Leyds and an absolute nonentity. Umbrage has been taken that the reception accorded to the British Agent was not more markedly cordial in official quarters; but, apart from the fact that private courtesy might have prompted a heartier welcome, there is really not much substance in this latest grievance. As Mr. Greene had not yet presented his credentials to the State, no official recognition of his arrival, save such as tact and good taste might dictate, could be taken, and the hysterical endeavours of some of the more pronouncedly Boerophobic papers to exaggerate the incident is not deserving of much sympathy. As a matter of fact, they would be far better employed in pouring out the vials of their wrath upon the insensate heads of those British residents who, not content with presenting Mr. Greene with an address on his arrival and extracting from him a promise to be present at a public banquet in his honour, to be held at an early date, pestered him on the following morning with a second address, in which the hope is expressed "that the large amount of British interests in this country will receive such assistance and consideration at your hands as will maintain the supremacy of the Empire in this part of the world." Mr. Greene very properly declined to receive this address, though he promised to submit it to the Secretary of State for the Colonies. By the way, I notice that many of the home papers have fallen into an error which is common enough on this side of alluding to Mr. Greene as the *Chargé d'Affaires*. This definition is wrong; Mr. Greene's title, as provided by the London Convention, is that of British Agent, and though he may in that capacity enjoy a higher salary than was paid to any of his predecessors and, in fact, higher than that usually paid to Consular officers, his status and title so far as this country is concerned remain unchanged.

The Commission appointed by Government to consider the reduction of liquor licences in the principal towns and gold fields of the Republic has just concluded its labours, and its report is now under the consideration of the Executive. The Commission has done its work in a thorough and uncompromising manner, and while it does not advocate any reduction in wholesale licences, which now number, on these fields, 48, it recommends that the bottle-store licences should be reduced from 46 to 35, hotel licences from 303 to 119, and roadside hotel licences from 5 to 4, whilst beer-hall licences are to be cut down to just half their present number. In the Boksburg district, out of 48 hotels, bars, &c., 29 are struck out by the Commission, and of roadside hotels a reduction from 30 to 9 is advised. As regards Krugersdorp the recommendation is, that the existing 73 licences be brought down to 33, and of the latter, 9 are recommended for only six months. All these reductions are, of course, independent of the mine canteens, which are abolished *in toto*. It is stated that there is some probability that the Executive

will delay giving effect to these recommendations on the grounds that the vested interests in many of the canteens and hotels are such that time should be allowed to the owners to clear out of the stock, and that a further extension of six months should be granted. This argument has, however, been exploded over and over again in the columns of the local press, and strong pressure is being brought to bear on the Government to enforce the law in its entirety on the date—1 January next—on which it was originally intended to put it in force.

#### BETTER THAN SHAKESPEARE.

"The Pilgrim's Progress." A Mystery Play, with music, in four acts, by G. G. Collingham; founded on John Bunyan's immortal allegory. Olympic Theatre, 24 December, 1896.

"Black Ey'd Susan; or, All in the Downs." Douglas Jerrold's famous nautical drama, in two acts. Preceded by J. Maddison Morton's domestic comedy, in two acts, "All that Glitters is not Gold." Adelphi Theatre, 23 December, 1896.

"The Eider Down Quilt." Farical Comedy, in three acts, by Tom S. Wotton. Terry's Theatre, 21 December, 1896.

"Betsy," the celebrated comedy, in three acts, by F. C. Burnand. Revival. Criterion Theatre, 29 December, 1896.

"Holly Tree Inn." Adapted by Mrs. Oscar Beringer from Charles Dickens's story. In one act. Terry's Theatre. 28 December, 1896.

WHEN I saw a stage version of "The Pilgrim's Progress" announced for production, I shook my head, knowing that Bunyan is far too great a dramatist for our theatre, which has never been resolute enough even in its lewdness and venality to win the respect and interest which positive, powerful wickedness always engages, much less the services of men of heroic conviction. Its greatest catch, Shakespeare, wrote for the theatre because, with extraordinary artistic powers, he understood nothing and believed nothing. Thirty-six big plays in five blank verse acts, and (as Mr. Ruskin, I think, once pointed out) not a single hero! Only one man in them all who believes in life, enjoys life, thinks life worth living, and has a sincere, unrheterical tear dropped over his death-bed; and that man—Falstaff! What a crew they are—these Saturday to Monday athletic stockbroker Orlandos, these villains, fools, clowns, drunkards, cowards, intriguers, fighters, lovers, patriots, hypochondriacs who mistake themselves (and are mistaken by the author) for philosophers, princes without any sense of public duty, futile pessimists who imagine they are confronting a barren and unmeaning world when they are only contemplating their own worthlessness, self-seekers of all kinds, keenly observed and masterfully drawn from the romantic-commercial point of view. Once or twice we scent among them an anticipation of the crudest side of Ibsen's polemics on the Woman Question, as in "All's Well that Ends Well," where the man cuts as meanly selfish a figure beside his enlightened lady doctor wife as Helmer beside Nora; or in "Cymbeline," where Posthumus, having, as he believes, killed his wife for inconstancy, speculates for a moment on what his life would have been worth if the same standard of continence had been applied to himself. And certainly no modern study of the voluptuous temperament, and the spurious heroism and heroism which its ecstasies produce, can add much to "Antony and Cleopatra," unless it were some sense of the spuriousness on the author's part. But search for statesmanship, or even citizenship, or any sense of the commonwealth, material or spiritual, and you will not find the making of a decent vestryman or curate in the whole horde. As to faith, hope, courage, conviction, or any of the true heroic qualities, you find nothing but death made sensational, despair made stage-sublime, sex made romantic, and barrenness covered up by sentimentality and the mechanical lilt of blank verse.

All that you miss in Shakespeare you find in Bunyan, to whom the true heroic came quite obviously and naturally. The world was to him a more terrible place than it was to Shakespeare; but he saw through it a

path at the end of which a man might look not only forward to the Celestial City, but back on his life and say:—"Tho' with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get them." The heart vibrates like a bell to such an utterance as this: to turn from it to "Out, out, brief candle," and "The rest is silence," and "We are such stuff as dreams are made of; and our little life is rounded by a sleep" is to turn from life, strength, resolution, morning air and eternal youth, to the terrors of a drunken nightmare.

Let us descend now to the lower ground where Shakespeare is not disabled by his inferiority in energy and elevation of spirit. Take one of his big fighting scenes, and compare its blank verse, in point of mere rhetorical strenuousness, with Bunyan's prose. Macbeth's famous cue for the fight with Macduff runs thus:—

"Yet I will try the last: before my body

I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,

And damned be him that first cries Hold, enough!"

Turn from this jingle, dramatically right in feeling, but silly and resourceless in thought and expression, to Apollon's cue for the fight in the Valley of Humiliation: "I am void of fear in this matter. Prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den that thou shalt go no farther: here will I spill thy soul." This is the same thing done masterly. Apart from its superior grandeur, force, and appropriateness, it is better clap-trap and infinitely better word-music.

Shakespeare, fond as he is of describing fights, has hardly ever sufficient energy or reality of imagination to finish without betraying the paper origin of his fancies by dragging in something classical in the style of the Cyclops' hammer falling "on Mars's armor, forged for proof eterne." Hear how Bunyan does it: "I fought till my sword did cleave to my hand; and when they were joined together as if the sword grew out of my arm; and when the blood run thorow my fingers, then I fought with most courage." Nowhere in all Shakespeare is there a touch like that of the blood running down through the man's fingers, and his courage rising to passion at it. Even in mere technical adaptation to the art of the actor, Bunyan's dramatic speeches are as good as Shakespeare's tirades. Only a trained dramatic speaker can appreciate the terse manageableness and effectiveness of such a speech as this, with its grandiose exordium, followed up by its pointed question and its stern threat: "By this I perceive thou art one of my subjects; for all that country is mine, and I am the Prince and the God of it. How is it then that thou hast ran away from thy King? Were it not that I hope thou mayst do me more service, I would strike thee now at one blow to the ground." Here there is no raving and swearing and rhyming and classical allusion. The sentences go straight to their mark; and their concluding phrases soar like the sunrise, or swing and drop like a hammer, just as the actor wants them.

I might multiply these instances by the dozen; but I had rather leave dramatic students to compare the two authors at first-hand. In an article on Bunyan lately published in the "Contemporary Review"—the only article worth reading on the subject I ever saw (yes, thank you: I am quite familiar with Macaulay's patronizing prattle about "The Pilgrim's Progress")—Mr. Richard Heath, the historian of the Anabaptists, shows how Bunyan learnt his lesson, not only from his own rough pilgrimage through life, but from the tradition of many an actual journey from real Cities of Destruction (under Alva), with Interpreters' houses and convoy of Greathearts all complete. Against such a man what chance had our poor immortal William, with his "little Latin" (would it had been less, like his Greek!), his heathen mythology, his Plutarch, his Boccaccio, his Holinshed, his circle of London literary wits, soddening their minds with books and their nerves with alcohol (quite like us), and all the rest of his Strand and Fleet Street surroundings, activities, and interests, social and professional, mentionable and unmentionable? Let us applaud him, in due measure, in that he came out of it no blackguardly Bohemian, but



a thoroughly respectable snob; raised the desperation and cynicism of its outlook to something like sublimity in his tragedies; dramatized its morbid, self-centred passions and its feeble and shallow speculations with all the force that was in them; disinfected it by copious doses of romantic poetry, fun, and common-sense; and gave to its perpetual sex-obsession the relief of individual character and feminine winsomeness. Also—if you are a sufficiently good Whig—that after incarnating the spirit of the whole epoch which began with the sixteenth century and is ending (I hope) with the nineteenth, he is still the idol of all well-read children. But as he never thought a noble life worth living or a great work worth doing, because the commercial profit-and-loss sheet showed that the one did not bring happiness nor the other money, he never struck the great vein—the vein in which Bunyan told of that “man of a very stout countenance” who went up to the keeper of the book of life and said, not “Out, out, brief candle,” but “Set down my name, sir,” and immediately fell on the armed men and cut his way into heaven after receiving and giving many wounds.

Let me not, however, be misunderstood by the Anglo-American Theatrical Syndicate, Limited, which has introduced the entertainment at the Olympic described as “The Pilgrim’s Progress, a mystery play, by G. G. Collingham, founded on John Bunyan’s Immortal Allegory.” That syndicate has listened to the voice of Demas; and I wish it joy of the silver mines to which he has led it. As to Mr. Collingham, he does not take my view of the excellence of Bunyan’s language or ideas. It is true that his hero is called Christian, and the villain Apollion, on the analogy of Rapsallion, Scullion, and the like, instead of Appol Lyon, which is what Bunyan called him. Also, three of the scenes are called Vanity Fair, The Valley of the Shadow of Death, and Doubting Castle, from which Christian escapes with the key called Promise. I fancied, too, I detected a paraphrase of a Bunyan passage in the following couplet:—

“Heed not this king: he never gives reward,  
But always leaves his followers in the lurch.”

But, these points apart, it would not have occurred to me that Mr. Collingham or any one else connected with the Olympic production had ever read or heard of Bunyan. It has been stated publicly that “Mr. Collingham” is a lady who has been encouraged to venture a good deal of her private means on the production of a work which is perilously deficient in the stage qualities needed to justify such encouragement. If this is true, I need not say what I think of the enterprise. If not, I desire to treat it with respect because it has attracted capital; for the other day, when subscriptions were invited to produce “Little Eyolf,” several of those colleagues of mine who still devotedly keep knocking their heads against the Norwegian stone wall laid great stress on this failure on Ibsen’s part to attract capital from the ordinary theatrical sources. I sardonically invite them to go and revel in “The Pilgrim’s Progress” as a play which has attracted capital enough to produce “Little Eyolf” six times over.

The new bill at the Adelphi should not be missed by any one who wishes to qualify as an experienced playgoer. “All that Glitters is not Gold” is a most fearful specimen of obsolete pinchbeck, in spite of the pleasant qualities of the author of “Box and Cox.” But, of course, what one goes for is “Black Ey’d Susan,” not Wills’s genteel edition, with which Mrs. Kendal made us cry so at the St. James’s, but the real original, with San Domingo Billy, hornpipe, song about “My sweet Willy-yum,” and nautical lingo all complete. Mr. Terriss makes brilliant play with his diamond shoe buckles in the hornpipe, justifies his ear in his song, and delivers the jargon of the first two scenes like a conjurer producing miles of ribbon from his mouth. Miss Millward, when rudely accosted by Mr. Fulton as Captain Crosstree, says, “He is intoxicated. I must hence,” as if that were the most natural observation possible for the wife of an able seaman. But “Black Ey’d Susan,” when it once gets to business, is an excellent play. It is the second act that tries the actor; and here Mr. Terriss plays with perfect judgment, producing just the right effect of humble but manly sincerity and naturalness in great distress by

the most straightforward methods. Is it not odd that the Adelphi is the only theatre in London devoted to sentimental modern drama where the acting is not vulgar? In other houses the actors’ subordination of drama to “good taste,” their consciousness of the stalls, their restrained drawing-room voices, made resonant enough for the theatre by clarionet effects from the nose, their perpetual thinking of their manners and appearance when they ought to be thinking of their work, all produce a detestable atmosphere of candidature for social promotion which makes me wish sometimes that the stage were closed to all classes except only those accustomed to take their position for granted and their own ways as the standard ways, or those who frankly make no social pretension at all. At the Adelphi the actors provide for their appearance in their dressing-rooms, and when they come on the stage go straight for the play with all their force, as if their point of honour lay in their skill, and not in persuading smart parties in the boxes that it would be quite safe to send them cards for an “At Home” in spite of their profession. The result is that they look better, dress better, and behave better than their competitors at the intentionally fashionable theatres. Instead of having caught the “form” of South Kensington (and what an appalling complaint that is for any one to catch!), they have universal good manners, the proof being that Mr. Terriss, without the slightest self-disguise or “character-acting” trickery of any sort, is equally engaging and equally natural as the officer in “One of the Best” and as the common sailor in “Black-Ey’d Susan.” Miss Millward, though she is, I am told, always so scrupulously in fashion that women’s hearts sink if they see her sleeves vary by an inch from their latest frocks, is always in her part, and always fits it if there is any sort of possible humanity and charm in it. Mr. Fulton, too, is a courageous and self-respecting actor who is at home everywhere on the stage. Even Mr. Harry Nicholls, badly spoiled funny man as he is, has serious qualities as an actor, and can make real bricks when the author provides any straw. In short, the secret of the Adelphi is not, as is generally assumed, bad drama, but simply good acting and plenty of it. And, unlike most critics, I am fond of acting.

“The Eider Down Quilt,” at Terry’s, a somewhat artlessly amusing piece, owes a good deal to the genius of Miss Fanny Brough as a lady who has, as she believes, sat on a man and smothered him, and to Mr. de Lange, who tries the very dangerous experiment of taking a purely farcical figure (an Italian waiter disguised as a prince), and making a realistic character-study of him. However, the result justifies the attempt; and Alberto da Bologna is another of Mr. de Lange’s successes.

“Betsy” has been revived at the Criterion to give Mr. Wyndham a holiday. I hope he will enjoy it at least as much as I enjoyed “Betsy,” which, though funny, is somewhat too pre-Ibsenite for my taste.

The afternoon performances of “Love in Idleness” at Terry’s, now begun with Mrs. Oscar Beringer’s adaptation of “Boots at the Holly Tree Inn,” in which Master Stewart Dawson, late of “Little Eyolf,” and Miss Valli Valli play the tiny elopers. It is very prettily done, and just the sort of piece that old people like.

G. B. S.

## MONEY MATTERS.

THE Bank Rate remains at 4 per cent., and we see nothing to point to an early change in either direction. All the changes disclosed in the weekly return were of a quite normal character, and the increase in the Reserve is only £227,000.

We are just entering on the New Year and we are all wondering what it will bring forth in the financial world. On the whole, the indications are favourable, but there are some tangled skeins to unravel before we get a fair start. Take first the question of the value of money. After an unprecedented period of abnormal cheapness, with the Bank Rate at the extreme minimum sanctioned by tradition, rates have mounted up very rapidly. The comparative scarcity during the past week or two has been specially in evidence, but to that

fact we do not attach the slightest importance. It is as much a feature of the season as is Christmas. But, while Christmas comes only once a year, it is twice a year that the banks draw in their advances in order to make a good showing in their balance sheets. Normal conditions in the Money Market will be restored with the turn of the year, and we shall be surprised if rates do not then show a falling off to some extent.

Amongst the other matters to be settled before confidence can be re-established in the Stock Markets generally are the Turkish question, the Egyptian question, the Tariff question in the United States, the Cuban question, our little difficulty with Venezuela, the rising in British Bechuanaland, our relations with the Transvaal Government, the future administration of Rhodesia, the Labour problem in Westralia, and the arrival at some definite and reliable information as to what is the actual position of the Australian banks, upon which depend to such a great extent the course of Australian trade and the credit of Australian Colonies.

The year has ended on the Stock Exchange with a distinctly cheerful tone all round, the only department which can hardly be regarded as satisfactory being American Rails, which have reacted somewhat. There is a prevailing impression that 1897 will witness a better state of affairs than that which we have of late become accustomed to regard as normal. Not only are improvements shown in prices, but business has been fairly brisk.

There is coming very prominently to the front a grave scandal created by the action of a certain class of Companies in holding their meetings during the Christmas and New Year holidays. The directors can, of course, choose their own dates for complying with the regulations of the Companies Act of 1862, which prescribes that "A general meeting of every Company under this Act shall be held once at least in every year." We do not like to see in diaries of meetings published by our daily contemporaries such facts as that on Monday last more than 40 meetings of trading and mining companies were held; that on Tuesday the number was considerably exceeded; that on Wednesday the number was about 50; whilst on Thursday it was about 40. In some of these cases there may be adequate reasons, but they are not obvious, and we think directors might with advantage to the interests of their shareholders, and also to their own reputation, show more energy in pushing matters forward, so as to let meetings be held on dates at which a fair attendance of shareholders may be expected.

A glaring instance is that of the New Chum Gold Mines, Limited, which came into existence on 26 January, 1895, and whose first annual meeting was held on Wednesday last, the chief business being a discussion of a scheme of reconstruction! The resolutions to that effect were passed, but the occasion was surely one on which the fullest opportunities ought to have been given by the directors to the shareholders to hear what could be said in explanation and justification of this extraordinary state of affairs. On 18 May last the manager at Bendigo stated that he intended "opening out East in three weeks' time." This, it was said, would enable the manager to maintain continuous crushings of high-grade ore, and the reef would prove much richer as depth is attained. Instead of continuous crushings, it seems that the high-grade ore has evaded their grasp and that more money is now required to experiment in the sinking of another shaft. The Bendigo district may be a very rich one, but we do not think much of the sample brought over for British consumption, and one remark made by the managing director at the meeting could hardly be calculated to inspire shareholders with confidence in Bendigo enterprises. He gave an illustration of the shareholders of a company on that field having paid calls for twenty years before getting any return out of the mine. An elderly gentleman present expressed himself as being very dubious whether it was worth his while to join the reconstruction, as he had little hope of adding that number of years to his life.

The best section in the House at present is the Home Railway Market. There are not yet forthcoming any specific forecasts of the dividends, but it goes without saying that they will be much better than for the corresponding period of 1895. Another series of bumper traffic returns this week gave a stimulus to the market, which seems distinctly on the up-grade. Since we last wrote on this matter, Chathams have had a further improvement; but even now they have not recovered the full extent of the fall occasioned by the ridiculous *canard* about Cook's tourists. Last week we referred to the growing demand for Hull and Barnsley Ordinary, the price of which was then 43½. It has since been as high as 45, and closed on Thursday at 44½. No special news has transpired, but there appears to be something behind the movement besides the continued good traffic returns. Subjoined is a statement of the aggregate traffic increases of the representative lines for the twenty-six weeks which complete the half-year. The figures are satisfactory enough, and we presume that, as usual, they are for the most part underestimated—

Aggregate traffic increase  
for twenty-six weeks

	£
Great Eastern.....	96,501
Great Northern .....	91,537
Great Western .....	132,240
Hull and Barnsley.....	15,950
Lancashire and Yorkshire .....	79,825
London, Brighton, and South Coast .....	15,059
London, Chatham, and Dover.....	20,763
London and North-Western .....	207,585
London and South-Western.....	55,458
Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire .....	25,036
Midland .....	168,929
North-Eastern .....	163,582
South-Eastern .....	28,399

In the Westralian Market the tone has been very much harder all through the week; but, as before, the support is principally due to Colonial buying. Hitherto the demand has chiefly been for the higher-priced shares, but it is now extending to the cheaper ones, and, in some measure, home buying is beginning to set in and to show its effect on prices. Substantial gains are recorded in very many cases. Hannan's Brownhill has been up to 7, has reacted to 6, but has now recovered to 6½. On the week, Great Boulders are £1 better. This Company is going to increase its stamping power, and a considerable augmentation is expected in consequence. A still more important gain is £2 during the week in Ivanhoe, which we have more than once referred to in favourable terms. A share which has not hitherto been very well known is Croesus South United, which a week ago was quoted ½, and stood on Thursday at 1½. The only notable exception to the generally good tone in Westralians is Hit or Miss, on the very unsatisfactory report by the experts appointed to investigate the condition of the property. The shares have fallen as low as 7s. 6d., but have now rallied to 10s. It is not so long ago that they were quoted at £2 12s. 6d.

There is, as yet, no great volume of business in the Kaffir Market, but the tone is improving. There is now nothing of a threatening character hanging over the market, unless, perhaps, the impending inquiry into the genesis of the Jameson Raid. Chartered shares in the meantime keep firm, and have risen to 2½.

Indian Mines show no sign of falling off in quotations. The present week has again witnessed a general rise, and the best feature of the movement is that it is mainly caused by investment buying. The settlement this week brought out the fact very clearly, as it disclosed a rather short supply of stock for delivery, and the contango rates fell away from their normal level. Such buying has been chiefly in Champion Reef shares, but has not by any means been confined to these. In ordinary circumstances it costs from 8d. to 9d. per share to carry these over. On the present occasion the rate fell away to 3d. We are still in the dark as to the precise reason for the buying of Coromandels; but in the course of the week they have risen from 2½ to 2¾, and, as we pointed out last week, there is evidently something brewing. The shareholders' meeting is to be held about the end of the present month; and some



fresh developments are expected to be then announced. Their actual nature is still kept very quiet; and the suggested explanation which we threw out last week we are still unable to describe as more than surmise. But, *nous verrons*.

Amongst the minor features of interest during the week has been the demand that has suddenly sprung up for Rosbach Mineral Water shares. A few days ago they were quoted nominally 5s., but there were no buyers about at that or any other price. Now they have jumped up to 13s. 9d. No particular reason is known in the Market, unless there be anything in the suggestion, half seriously thrown out, that Rosbach has been found to be a suitable medium for mixing with Bovril—in the financial sense, of course.

The directors of the East Rand Proprietary Company have decided to abandon their original proposal for an increase of the capital, and to substitute a loan, for which arrangements have been made to the amount of £30,000 for one year at 6 per cent., secured by a first mortgage of the whole of the assets of the Company, the lenders at the same time undertaking to guarantee the issue of £150,000 6 per cent. first mortgage debentures to the Angelo Gold Mines, and £100,000 of 6 per cent. first mortgage debentures to the Driefontein, repayable in two years, and secured on the whole of the assets of these companies. There are many other somewhat complicated provisions in this modified scheme, but into these we need not enter at present. The main feature is the abandonment of the proposal for an increase of capital and the substitution of a loan, a step which we think is a distinct improvement upon the original idea.

There is arising a fair demand for Mexican Railway stocks. The traffics are looking well, but the movement seems to have something behind it besides that. The rumour is that coal has been discovered somewhere in close proximity to the Company's line; but we have not yet heard any confirmation of the report. It may have originated in the mind of somebody who had been a successful speculator in Kent Coalfields, and who did not see any reason why the Mexican Railway should not have a boom as well as the South-Eastern.

The outlook for shareholders and creditors in the Queensland National Bank is a gloomy one. The text of the Report of the Committee appointed to ascertain the position of affairs has now been received on this side, and the disclosures are of a most disastrous nature. The Commissioners have formulated a scheme, recommending that the private holders of deferred deposit receipts should take the place of the shareholders as proprietors of the Bank. The capital is all gone; but there is a liability of £2 per share, equal to a total of £320,000. If the shareholders will surrender what may be termed their equity of redemption to the depositors, in consideration of being relieved of this liability, the Commissioners recommend the Government and the depositors to grant the release. The Government is a creditor to the extent of over three million pounds, and the suggestion is that, as the new proprietary's principal and generous creditor, it should accept a low rate of interest, and consent to an extension of dates of repayment. In view of the Government debt being preferential, the other creditors find themselves in a very helpless position; and, as it is quite clear that liquidation would mean practically next to nothing for them, it appears that the acceptance of such a scheme as that formulated is the only course they can adopt. With regard to the shareholders, we should imagine they will only be too glad to relinquish their interest in the concern on being relieved from the uncalled liability of £2 per share. It will do infinite harm to the Colony, as, no doubt, a very large amount of the deposit money from this country found its way into the bank, owing to its close association with the Government.

The boom in Kent Coal Fields appears to have spent itself. Since we last wrote they have had another

spurt, but now they appear to be on the down grade, and there has been some rather significant bear selling by certain shrewd people who ought to know what they are about. We fancy that anybody who has shares to sell might do worse than take advantage of the current quotation of 3½.

A very fine specimen of company reports has just been submitted to us. It is that of C. A. Sewell, Limited. The directors commence by observing that the results of the first year's trading are not as they would have wished, but they "are confident that the future will justify the expectations of those who were instrumental in forming this old-established business into a company." This is all very well; but are they confident that the future will justify the expectations of the people who were instrumental in the sense of becoming shareholders? Then, again, "The bulk of the expenses in connexion with the formation of the Company, which are charged in this year's accounts, will not recur, and that sum alone will go a long way towards producing a dividend on the share capital of the Company." These expenses, then, must have been pretty heavy. With an issued capital of £36,065, including debentures, the loss for the year is £1,583, so that the non-recurrence of formation expenses would be to transform this loss into a profit of £1,800, in order to allow of the payment of 5 per cent. on the total capital. But the gem of the document is the certificate of the auditor, Mr. Flaxman Haydon, C.A. It is perfectly in order, but not on that account any less humorous. Mr. Haydon certifies that the accounts correctly represent the position of the Company, "subject to unascertained contingent liability for costs upon pending litigation, and provision for depreciation, and the proper apportionment of the purchase price." In plain English, the certificate, so far as the shareholders are concerned, is to the effect that, if the accounts are correct they are not incorrect, but that if they do not correctly represent the position of the Company then they must be wrong.

We understand that a company has been formed to obtain the sole rights of manufacturing and dealing in "Westphalite" in the United Kingdom and the Colonies. "Westphalite" is said to be the cheapest and safest of the explosives used in coal mines; and, as the recent order from the Home Office has made the use of gunpowder and other well-known explosives impossible, there is an increased demand for all safety explosives, by which the new Company (if "Westphalite" is all that it is said to be) should largely benefit. If the capital is not too large, and from what we hear it is likely to be quite moderate, investment in "Westphalite" will probably prove lucrative.

#### NEW ISSUES, &c.

THE GREYLINGSTADT GOLD MINING AND EXPLO-  
RATION COMPANY, LIMITED.—CAPITAL, £150,000.

To issue a mining company during the expiring days of 1896 is to court disaster so far as public subscriptions are concerned. It is very nice to put at the head of the prospectus that the cash portion of the purchase price—no less than £30,000, by the way—in addition to £30,000 of the £50,000 working capital of the Company, has been guaranteed; but by whom? men of substance or of straw? In any event, we have little doubt but that the underwriters will have to take up their guarantee. The Company is formed to acquire and work two blocks of 58 and 38 claims respectively, with mill site and water right, situated on the proclaimed farm Roodepoort, in the Greylingstadt district, Heidelberg, South African Republic. The property is about 128 acres in extent. A curious item in the prospectus is the announcement that the directors have agreed to act for not less than three years. If the Company should become a successful one, we have no doubt they would act for thirty; but why put it in the prospectus? The capital of the Company is £150,000, and the purchase price is £80,000, payable as to £30,000 in cash, and £50,000 in shares. £625 per acre is not a bad price for an undeveloped property. We wonder at what



price per acre the original vendor purchased. We notice that Sir J. Somers Vine, C.M.G., is the Deputy-Chairman of the Company. We trust he will be more fortunate in his new directorship than he was on the recent occasion when the Company of which he was announced as a director did not, we believe, go to allotment.

## ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

CYCLES.—Yes. A sale in Dublin could be arranged through your London broker. We should not sell Dunlop Deferred.

OBAN.—Although notices of allotment appeared in the papers, we happen to know that the application money was all returned.

S. H. C. (Luton).—We have not a high opinion of the concern. There is no market in the shares, and if you can sell by private treaty, do so.

HARWICH.—The most doubtful shares on your list are 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, and 15. Get out at once.

A WIDOW.—1. The Company ceased to exist in 1894. The certificates are valueless. 2. The Preference shares of a sound industrial undertaking would suit your purpose.

B. H. (Leeds).—Messrs. Fox & Bousfield and Foster & Cranfield, of London, hold periodical sales of unquoted securities.

DOUBTFUL.—A very fair selection of investments of the second class, if you distribute your risk over the lot.

S. C. R.—Hold in the meantime, as the Indian Mining Market looks like going better; but we have little faith in the ultimate prospects of either company. Seize any chance of selling at an improvement on present prices.

TARIFF.—We are not in Mr. McKinley's confidence, but we do not think he would run the risk of paralysing trade by any such drastic measures as you suggest.

B. OF R.—We should recommend you to sell and secure profits. Heriots or Crowns are, in our opinion, the best investment in the market.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## MESSRS. LEWIS &amp; LEWIS IN THEIR FAVOURITE RÔLE.

ELY PLACE, HOLBORN, E.C., 30 December, 1896.

SIR,—We are instructed by Mr. Joseph Pennell to commence an action against you for libel in respect of the defamatory statements contained in your issue of the 26th inst. signed "Walter Sickert."

Mr. Pennell feels that these charges made against him in his professional capacity are grave, and he feels it necessary and (*sic*!) now that you have given such large publicity to them to give equal publicity to their falsity.

We are, yours obediently,  
LEWIS & LEWIS.

The Proprietor,  
The "Saturday Review."

This letter was received on Thursday, 31 December, and has elicited the following reply:—

"THE SATURDAY REVIEW,"

38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND,

31 December, 1896.

GENTLEMEN,—Your letter of 30 December has reached me. You speak of "defamatory statements" about Mr. Joseph Pennell. I have re-read the article you mention, and I find it almost impossible to believe that Mr. Joseph Pennell, the art-critic, can object to such fair and moderate criticism as Mr. Sickert has used. The only accusation that Mr. Sickert brings against Mr. Pennell that I can see is "looseness of statement," and that seems to be slight ground on which to base even the threat of a libel action.

"Looseness of statement," then, seems to Mr. Pennell a "grave charge," "the falsity" of which requires demonstration. Well, "looseness of statement" may be a sin in a literary artist, a crime even in the eyes of a litigious solicitor; but in a journalist, and above all in an art-critic, 'tis almost a virtue, so often is it a necessity.

If, however, Mr. Pennell insists upon finding out something about the canons of criticism in matters of art, and prefers instruction at the hands of an English jury, my solicitors are Messrs. Clinton & Co., of 59 Chancery Lane.—I remain, yours, &c.

FRANK HARRIS.

To Messrs. Lewis & Lewis, Solicitors,  
Ely Place, Holborn, E.C.

## LONDON RATEPAYERS AND THE WATER COMPANIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

HIGH ELMS, FARNBOROUGH, R.S.O., KENT,

24 December, 1896.

SIR,—In a short paragraph on the London Water Question you observe that, though you do not consider that my arguments have been met, the London ratepayers seem to have made up their minds to buy up the Water Companies. May I, however, point out that the resolution authorizing the Parliamentary Committee to deposit the Bills was only carried in the London County Council by seven votes?—I am, your obedient servant,

JOHN LUBBOCK.

## "DR. CONAN DOYLE'S LATEST CASE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

REFORM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.

SIR,—I observe that Mr. Max Beerbohm differs very widely from me in his conception of the dandy of the early part of this century. The lists are open to all, and if he wishes to depict a fop of his own it will, no doubt, meet with the success which it deserves. But in the meanwhile you will perhaps allow me space to point out some of the historical and social errors which appear in his short article.

Mr. Beerbohm is severe because I do not describe the younger Pitt. There was no reason why I should describe him, as he does not—save for a reference in conversation—appear in the book. But, in order to show me how it should have been done, Mr. Beerbohm quotes what he describes as the well-known description by Thackeray. It is a well-known description—but it is evidently not a well-known one to Mr. Beerbohm, for it does not refer to the person of whom he is talking at all. "An awful figure in a chair," says Thackeray. "A livid face . . . powdered wig . . . a Roman nose. There he is! There is the great Commoner." How could any one imagine that this was the younger Pitt, who probably never rode in a chair or wore a wig in his life—and who certainly never had a Roman nose! The description is of Pitt's father, afterwards Earl of Chatham. It may be a venial offence to confound the one Pitt with the other, but what are we to say of the failure to recognize the internal evidence which is contained in the quotation itself? I trust that Mr. Beerbohm will "scatter no more paper flowers" about that epoch until he has read something more reliable than D'Aureville's lively but inaccurate essay.

Mr. Beerbohm is contemptuous because a fop has been described in the text as standing with his thumb in his armpit. He also alludes to Brummell in terms which suggest that he knows something of him. If so, he must know that this was one of the Beau's characteristic attitudes. Contemporary sketches depict him in it. The student can refer to one of them in the frontispiece of the second volume of Gronow's Memoirs. There the Beau stands, thumb in armpit, in this impossible attitude for a fop.

Mr. Beerbohm then alludes to "the old exploded fable" that the "Regent was warned off the Turf." After the foregoing specimens of Mr. Beerbohm's historical accuracy, it will take more than his mere assertion to establish that this is a fable. He cannot even state the case without blundering, for it was in 1791—twenty years before George became Regent—that the incident occurred. It is true that the Prince of Wales was not warned off by name—this would have been too daring even for the autocrats of the Jockey Club—but his jockey, Sam Chifney, was suspended, which answered the same purpose. Chifney's own account of the matter will be found in the little pamphlet by him called "Genius Genuine."

Mr. Beerbohm denies that the Prince had an upturned nose. He must settle that with Mr. Lawrence the painter, who has depicted him with one. Mr. Beerbohm in commenting upon my picture of the times implies that, though I may have the facts, I have not caught the spirit. I cannot say the converse of him, but, at least, I can assure him that he is very far from having caught the facts. He may be upon safe ground when he refers to my bedside manner and gold-rimmed

glasses, but he is very ignorant of the period about which he writes.—Yours faithfully,

A. CONAN DOYLE.

SIR,—This letter bears traces of suppressed emotion and a feverish haste. Does the Doctor *really* suppose that I had confused the two Pitts? Apart from any special reading I may have done for my own pleasure, I am far too fresh from school to have forgotten which was called the Great Commoner and which moved in the politics of the Regency. The Doctor's description of the latter, looking out of a barouche, was obviously inspired by Thackeray's fine description of the former, looking out of a Sedan chair. In comparing the two passages, I merely suggested that the Doctor had made a very feeble plagiarism, nor did there seem any need to assure my readers that the father was not his own son. The terrible phrase, "one thumb in the armpit," were applicable perhaps to Mr. Bumble, but not to Mr. Brummell. Count D'Orsay wore a large hat, but we should hesitate to call it "a topper jammed on to his nose." If the Doctor cannot understand that, I am very sorry. Facts are easier than style, and I am glad the Doctor has admitted that the Regent—one may speak, generally, of the Regent—was not warned off the Turf. But I cannot accept his contention that a dishonest jockey must needs be the servant of a dishonest master. As a matter of fact, there never was a shadow of evidence that George behaved dishonourably in the Chifney affair, and I think that no one, not even a dead king, should be slandered for the sake of a trumpety effect in fiction. I have seen many pictures of George, by Lawrence and others. He had, of course, the regular Hanoverian nose, arched and drooping. Lastly, I may point out that D'Aureville's "Du Dandysme et de Georges Brummel," being a work split up into twelve chapters, is not an essay, and that it is not, and was not meant to be, in the least lively. "Physician, heal thyself!"—Yours, &c.

MAX BEERBOHM.

#### BEETROOT AND BOUNTIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE,  
NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, LONDON, 27 December, 1896.

SIR,—As I received the thanks of the West Indian Press, and notably the Press of Barbados, Dominica, and Antigua, for my endeavours last year to induce the London journals to take up the subject of Her Majesty's neglected West Indian possessions, I may, perhaps, be permitted, on the eve of the departure for the West Indies of the Commission appointed by Mr. Chamberlain, to make a few remarks which the public here and in the West Indies will not fail to appreciate. It is evident that the powerful and enlightened Administration at present in office do not see their way to foster artificially the sugar industry by protective duties or by bounties as against France, Germany and Austria.

My visit last year to the West Indies convinced me of three things:—

1. The administration of the different islands is ridiculously expensive, and this expense is unnecessary and unjustifiable in view of the ruined condition of these possessions.

2. The Government of these islands is superlatively bad, and the magistracy is corrupt and rotten. The administration of justice in the courts of law is open to great improvements.

3. No attempts were being made by the late Government to remedy this state of affairs or to assist the suffering colonists in any way.

The situation is changed. We have now Mr. Chamberlain in office, who has decided upon sending out to the West Indies a Commission already appointed. It is desirable to ascertain what industries can best take the place of the sugar industry, and whether the sugar industry can be worked without loss by the introduction of improved machinery; and, further, to see what economies can be introduced into the Administration of the West Indian Islands.

I had not been last year one week amongst these

islands without arriving at the conclusion that the future saviours of the West Indies are Messrs. Cook and Messrs. Gaze. The editor of "The Dominican" at once placed the columns of his paper at my disposition to advocate those views, and they cannot be too often advocated.

The West Indies in the winter months—December, January, February, March—are the finest cruising and yachting grounds in the world, with perpetual summer during these months; and what is really required is a service of steamers, starting, say, from Barbados for tourist purposes during these months. The West Indian mail steamers and other lines will suffice to convey tourists as far as Barbados; but a special service of steamers for cruising and yachting purposes is required out in the West Indies when once the demand is created for this special service.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES HENEAGE.

#### TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

BANGALORE, 7 December, 1896.

SIR,—In your issue of 7 November last you refer to the exceeding importance of "Technical Education" for securing England's industrial supremacy, and state that the subject is *now* only beginning to occupy a considerable share of public attention. Perhaps the following quotation from Adam Smith may, therefore, be of interest at present, as it shows the subject was considered a matter of supreme importance more than a century ago by one of the greatest thinkers of his age, who evidently did not consider that either "sound money" or the "gold standard" of the "Times" had anything whatever to do in maintaining any nation's supremacy in the industries of the world.

In his introduction to the "Wealth of Nations" Adam Smith says the proportion of the produce of the annual labour of *every* nation is regulated by two different circumstances—viz. "First, by the skill, dexterity and judgment with which its labour is generally applied; and Secondly, by the proportion between the number of those who are employed in *useful* labour and that of those who are not so employed. *Whatever be the soil, climate, or extent of territory of any particular nation, the abundance or scantiness of its annual supply must, in that particular situation, depend upon those two circumstances.*"

"The abundance or scantiness of this supply, too, seems to depend more upon the *former* of these circumstances (skill, dexterity and judgment in the application of its labour) than upon the latter."

As money is a mere convenient medium of exchange, it is quite evident that Adam Smith did not consider it a matter of any importance in increasing the produce of the labour of any nation, and the "Times" in so loudly applauding the victory of the gold monopolists in the United States is again wrong in *principle*, for it fails to show that the skill, dexterity, and judgment of the labouring population are at all enhanced by maintaining supreme power amongst the capitalists alone, so that most of the loaves and fishes go to them. If a nation likes to use a gold standard as the most convenient form in which to secure the products of its industries, well and good; but it will not be able to maintain this standard long unless it pays the greatest attention to the skill, dexterity and judgment by which alone its industries can be most profitably carried on, as Adam Smith stated a hundred years ago and all experience clearly proves.

India is a case in point; for ages its agriculture has had to bear the costs of all Governments by a system of merely collecting land revenue, whilst no attempts have been made to improve the skill, dexterity and judgment of its labouring population, in this its greatest industry, so that its population, even now, work much in the same way as they did in Noah's time, and all attempts at introducing a gold standard amongst them are a dismal failure, and famines are always threatening the country. Reverse this operation, and "a gold standard" or "sound money" will soon come into this country of itself.—Yours faithfully,

T. A. FISCHER (General R.E.)



## REVIEWS.

## MR. ZANGWILL'S EGOISM.

"Without Prejudice." By I. Zangwill. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1896.

MR. ZANGWILL, seeing his book reviewed at some length, will understand at once that he is dealing with an unscrupulous reviewer. It means that the book has been reviewed by a man who has not read it; the only alternative, indeed, was not to review it at all. It is a book unreadable, to a quite unprecedented pitch, but even on that account it is a book of note. And a book that defines the small boy of the streets as the "scavenger of manners"—suddenly in the midst of quite commonplace facetiousness—is entitled to notice, if only on that score alone.

The volume, we are told in an introductory note, is "exclusively egoistic," and it contains 384 pages, pretty closely printed, developing, *à propos* of a wide range of things, the theme of Mr. Zangwill's ego, as he perceives it. It is not a very amiable ego. The general effect is one of aggressive self-assertion on the part of a young man fatally enamoured of Heine, and exceptionally deficient in his æsthetic sensibilities. So many young men, even without the racial temptation, have lost themselves under the spell of Heine! And almost any one with a fair stock of nervous energy and indifferent literary manners can be vigorously self-assertive in the first person under encouragement. A really original man may occasionally find his distinctive method of expression in the first person singular, but it does not follow that any one who uses the first person singular is really original. Mr. Zangwill, however, not only succumbs to that elementary fallacy, but boasts of it. And his apology for his egoism is rather characteristic. He puns three times between I and eye—"one-I'd persons," "my little I," and "philosophy is all my I," though he overlooks his prototype, that beast in the Apocalypse who was full of I's, both before and behind. He pleads that all written matter is directly or indirectly personal, which is true enough, and he argues that "the most impersonal essays and poems are all in a sense egoistic," which is, of course, no manner of excuse for being blatantly egoistic. "Voices, voices we want," he writes, "not echoes. Better the mistaken voice of honest individuality than the soulless bleat of the flock. There are too many of Kipling's Tomlinsons in the world, whose consciences are wholly composed of *on dits*. . . ." Just as though it made thought in any degree more original simply to present it in what is indisputably the least acceptable manner! No doubt Tomlinson made abundant use of "I." He was just that kind of assimilative creature. To be really "I," to get to one's essential personality and its way of thinking, and to differentiate and define one's irrelevant moods, is a crowning feat of criticism. After that one may project the I, and treat it artistically, as Heine did, and as Mr. L. F. Austin, for example, has done. But Mr. Zangwill has yet to find himself—which is the nearest approach to a compliment I can pay him on this occasion.

The most striking thing about the personality of Mr. Zangwill, as he presents it, is his extraordinary conceit of himself. Heaven save young men from modesty! but there are limits. "I would advise my young literary friends to emblazon on their banner, Shakspeare and the Bible," he writes, and the request for the title of Mr. Zangwill's diploma work is inevitable. And, "I know I am cleverer than the man in the street"—meaning the thing as brag, and not understanding that there he defines his limitations. Are any of us cleverer than the man in the street?—to write smartly is a peculiarity one may think—not a pedestal. There is absolutely no reason for this kind of thing from Mr. Zangwill; he is one of quite a number of "young literary friends," young men who have written a few books and a quantity of signed journalism, and attained to a position of opportunity. There are dozens such—young men of promissory note, to drop into Zangwillese. The "Ghetto Tragedies" were well done, "Flutterduck," too, was excellent work, we have laughed at the "King of the Schnorrers," and there

have been one or two other short stories since. And what else is there? Surely Mr. Zangwill caricatures his want of humour. If only of a sleepless night, he must, like the rest of us, have his saving doubts. St. Paul, as an acceptable example, lacked Mr. Zangwill's assurance.

And a thing the victims of Heine rarely appreciate is this: that to be a "laughing philosopher"—Mr. Zangwill, by-the-bye, claims that very title (p. 21)—one must have a philosophy. There must be a certain consistency even in mockery. It does not appear that Mr. Zangwill knows clearly what he is mocking at—a fatal drawback. And, secondly, one must have a laugh. This book never laughs. There is as much laughter in Mr. Zangwill's essays as there is in the examination-paper of a brilliant examinee. Instead, "Analysis is paralysis, and introspection is vivisection, and culture drives me mad." There fell a deep silence among the women—"you could have heard a hairpin drop." "I want to ride bareback in the Row in tights and spangles at 1 P.M. on Sundays," shrieked a soberly clad suburban lady who sported a wedding-ring—"a rap at the New Woman, you perceive. These things kill laughter as surely as mediocre puns. "Beauty begets man's love, Power woman's. At least, so women tell me. But then I am not beautiful." And for the new Democritus at his best this—"Portrait-painting is a branch of art which demands recognition."

And allied to his excessive self-confidence is another feature of this crude personality, the incapacity to eliminate bad work. What Mr. Zangwill writes is surely good enough for any one, Mr. Zangwill thinks, and that is one of the secrets of failure in letters. What other of us young literary friends would have printed that quip of the hairpin? Art, like Nature, progresses by selection—a thing Mr. Zangwill has said for himself somewhere, without clearly appreciating his meaning, it would seem. Mr. Zangwill fails to progress because he has no selection. That is his most urgent lesson. Because, although it is not a thing that need be insisted upon here or anywhere just at present, there is admirable stuff in Mr. Zangwill. He has industry, ambition, a fine memory, wit, emotional force. But the matrix of these things! About one-eighth of the present book—the estimate is necessarily only approximate—is matter of which no one need be ashamed.

With a very little use of a blue pencil, the incidental sketch of Jokai on the upper half of p. 35, the chapter on the abolition of money (the dialogue form abandoned), the story of Pater charged with punning, the man who got drunk on a postage stamp at Broadstairs, the descriptions of Budapest and Paris, would all be quite admirable. That is the exasperation of Mr. Zangwill: he is always on the verge of success. One has still to believe in him, however reluctant one may feel. Yet the offence, the tawdry cheapness, the silliness of "The Burden of Man," the "Choice of Parents" (immemorial wheeze) and "the Penalties of Fame" is rank. The book leaves one wondering whether Mr. Zangwill is for ever a clever fool, or whether he will one day live down this egoism of his, and take the place his indisputable abilities might give him. A year or two ago I was writing the same doubts about *The Master*. And Mr. Zangwill is no longer exceptionally young.

H. G. W.

## THE PHARSALIA.

"The Pharsalia of Lucan." Translated into Blank Verse by Edward Ridley, Q.C. London: Longmans. 1896.

"HEARD ye the din of battle bray" is the motto which Mr. Ridley prefixes to his translation. This vigorous phrase most aptly characterizes the "Pharsalia," and at once gives us confidence in a translator who has an ear for the "metallic clangour" (to use Mr. Mackail's happy expression) of the sounding hexameters in which the young rhetorician uttered the trumpet notes of his scorn or admiration.

The "Pharsalia" must always have a unique interest for students of literature, because as a literary feat it is unique. A weak and base but very clever young man, who might have been a great poet if the precocious bud of his genius had not been prematurely forced into

flowering in the hothouse of schools of rhetoric, who aimed at encyclopædic omniscience and hardly possessed any ordered store of knowledge at all, succeeded in producing a very fine poem on a subject in which he had very little interest, hardly even prejudices. Yet the poem cannot be said to have a hero, unless, with Merivale, we regard the Roman Senate as a kind of collective hero. But so splendid is the rhetorical skill that we can do without a hero, and can enjoy the torrent—the Cycloborus—of words, though in every line we feel the touch of the fashionable young declaimer who thrilled the town until his growing fame excited the jealousy of the Emperor, whose “Mimal-lonean boomings” (*bombi* is the word of Persius) could only earn extorted applause. The question which has often been asked about the “Pharsalia” is whether we have in it merely boomings like Nero’s or an epic poem. To Niebuhr the poem was intolerable, but Dante classes Lucan with Homer, Horace, Ovid, and Virgil; Macaulay (naturally, being one who always mistook rhetoric for poetry) ranked him “among the most extraordinary men that ever lived,” and Shelley put him in a verse with Sidney and Chatterton. The translation before us will go far to lead us to the favourable answer. The fine exordium of the poem, so rich in historic quotations, is finely rendered, and an occasional echo from English poetry gives an added charm to a really elevated style. One naturally turns to the magnificent piece of rhetoric on the grave of Pompey (viii. 929–962), so vigorously rendered into English prose by Jebb in “Translations.” We can only give a few extracts:—

“Where the furthest sand  
Hangs on the margin of the baffled deep  
Cabin’d he lies; yet where the Roman name  
Is known, and Empire, such in truth shall be  
The boundless measure of his resting-place. . . .  
What mausoleum were for such a chief  
A fitting monument? This paltry stone  
Records no syllable of the lengthy tale  
Of honours: and the name which men have read  
Upon the sacred temples of the gods . . .  
On desolate sands here marks a lonely grave  
With characters uncouth, such as the glance  
Of passing traveller or Roman guest  
Might pass unnoticed.”

With this rendering the only fault we have to find is the omission of *rectus* in the last verse: in *quod non legat advena rectus*, “without stooping,” the adjective adds a fine touch.

If any one desires to see how Lucan can  
“Conjure the wandering stars and make them stand  
Like wonder-wounded hearers,”

let him turn to the description of the deaths from the serpents’ bites (ix. 862–981) when Cato’s army was passing through the Libyan desert. The death-agony of Aulus, who trod on a Dipsas, is often quoted as an instance of wild hyperbole:—

“Tortured by the fire,  
Not Cato’s sternness nor of his sacred charge  
The honour could withhold him; but he dared  
To dash his standard down, and through the plains  
Raging to seek for water that might slake  
The fatal venom thirsting at his heart;  
Plunge him in Tanais in Rhone or Po,  
Pour on his burning tongue the flood of Nile,  
Yet were the fire unquench’d.”

But is this really more exaggerated than the cry of the dying King John?—

“I would my country’s rivers took their course  
Thro’ this burnt bosom!”

Fierce vigour there is in the whole passage, but it is vigour, as it seems to us, controlled by art. But when we come to the burial of the victims, who swelled so much that their *tumuli* rose to the size of mountains, we cannot but think of the deliberate rant of Hamlet:—

“And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw  
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,  
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,  
Make Ossa like a wart!”

We wish we could quote Pompey’s dream (vii. 1–52), or Cato’s Promethean boldness when he refuses to consult the oracle of Ammon (ix. 659–684). They are really fine poetry, not less in the English than in the

Latin. But we must put before our readers part of the passage (vii. 968–992) in which the banquet of the carrion birds and beasts on the field of Pharsalia is pictured in language which may have suggested to Byron the strongly loathsome passage in the “Siege of Corinth” beginning

“And he saw the lean dogs ’neath the wall  
Hold o’er the dead their carnival.”

The picture is horrible enough, but hardly so sickening as that of the modern poet:—

“The air grew dark with vultures’ hovering wings  
Innumerable, for every wood and grove  
Sent forth its denizens; on every tree  
Dripp’d from their crimson’d beaks a gory dew.  
Oft on the conquerors and their impious arms  
Or purple rain of blood or mouldering flesh  
Fell from the lofty heaven, or limbs of men  
From weary talons dropp’d . . . thus lay the dead  
Scorn’d by the spoiler; and the Roman host  
By sun and length of days and rain from heaven  
At length was mingled with Emathia’s plain.”

The poem—which is, to say the least of it, one of the most extraordinary *tour de force* in literature, can now be read and judged by those who have no Latin, while those who have studied the poem in the original will feel (as we have felt) that they have come nearer to this most modern of ancient poets since they have met him in his modern garb.

#### THE HARVEST OF THE SEA.

“The Natural History of the Marketable Marine Fishes of the British Islands.” By J. T. Cunningham. With a Preface by E. Ray Lankester. London: Macmillan. 1896.

THIS is a very valuable addition to the natural history shelf. It is something above and beyond this: it is the first attempt of an officer of the “Marine Biological Association” to interest the public in the work of that institution, and we shall be much mistaken if one result of the wide circulation which a book so excellent in get-up and so moderate in price is sure to enjoy is not to attract public attention, and subsequently public subscriptions, to the laboratory with which Mr. Cunningham is associated. Unfortunately, it cannot be urged that, so far as practical results go, the Association has hitherto deserved particularly well of public opinion; for six years ago our author had occasion to admit that the fishing industry had not benefited to any great extent from scientific investigation, and it is to be feared that the net results of the years that have gone since scarcely warrant any change in that verdict. Mr. Cunningham’s work is what has long been wanted, and we can cordially recommend its perusal to those gentlemen who from time to time serve an ungrateful country by sitting on Parliamentary committees of inquiry, and also to those worthy mongers who deliver orations at the conferences held at the Fishmongers’ Hall. Such a study would, it is true, deprive their utterances of half their humour; but as their un-natural history goes for the most part unappreciated by the reporters, the public loss would be small. In a comparatively simple and concise form, the author has given us the collected results of the investigations carried on up to the present at the Association’s laboratory, as well as of a number of separate experiments undertaken by himself and other naturalists elsewhere, all, however, under the auspices of the Association. The book is not without its faults, although, in the presence of so much excellent work, it is neither an easy nor indeed a pleasing task to unearth them.

In the first place, then, to begin at the wrong end, why should there be an appendix on viviparous fishes? These, including in our seas the viviparous Blenny and some of the shark tribe, are not eaten at the tables of the polite, and their interest for the naturalist, however great, should not have tempted Mr. Cunningham to go beyond the legitimate scope of his subject. Nor is this straining of the term “marketable” to fishes only eaten at certain seasons, and even then by those who can unfortunately afford no better, confined to the appendix. In the body of the work itself we find considerable space



devoted to such unpalatable and commercially unimportant species as the Angler (*Lophius*), Boar-fish (*Capros*), the Cat-fish (*Anarrhicas*) and allied blennies, and those smaller Pleuronectidæ which, never exceeding a maximum length of three or four inches, are of no interest to the consumer. If appendices were necessary—and it must be confessed that, unless indispensable, supplementary notes of this description are irritating, even in scientific works—there were surely subjects enough to select from, which, though not in themselves natural history, would at least have been a sufficiently legitimate corollary to be included in this form. Such, for instance, would have been some comparison, statistical and descriptive, of the work done by the various fishing-gears—the trawl, trammel, drift-net, long-line, hand-line, and the rest. This is indeed one of the most serious omissions in the book; for, in spite of its being “prepared for the use of those interested in the sea-fishing industries,” Mr. Cunningham’s observations on the subject would not, collected from all parts of the book, fill three pages, and in no one place is more than half a page devoted to it. Another subject for an appendix, which would at the least have challenged no more resentment than that on the viviparous fishes, would have been the very interesting metamorphoses of our edible molluscs and crustaceans. Other omissions there are, though less serious than that just mentioned. Mr. Cunningham had an unprecedented opportunity of earning the gratitude of a host of fair housewives by giving them a few hints on the detection of stale wares at the honest fishmonger’s. Again, we are surprised, in a book to some extent written for the general public, to find no account of the process of crimping, about which such erroneous notions obtain; indeed the skates and rays are throughout treated of but meagrely. It is just possible that we may have overlooked some remark on the subject, for it must be confessed that the index by no means does justice to the varied contents of the book; and in conscientiously steering clear of the too prevalent practice of padding the index with repetitions, the author has gone to the other extreme and deprived it of much of its value for rapid reference. The remaining omissions which we have noted are perhaps so slight as barely to deserve mention. The most serious is that of the adipose fin from the “distinguishing characters” of the true smelt. As this is in every way the most characteristic and interesting of the external features of that little fish, and as it is carefully figured in the cut (p. 46), there seems no reason for its subsequent omission. In dealing at length with the mystery surrounding the spawning of congers, the author might have alluded to an old theory of Mr. Dunn of Mevagissey, for whose views he has evidently some regard. According to Mr. Dunn a number of females congregate in a bunch that their roe may be impregnated by a single small male swimming around for that purpose. We think, too, that Mr. Cunningham, though it was his duty to combat all obvious superstitions, dismisses too lightly the “winter blindness” in mackerel. The film that envelopes the eyes of mackerel at that season was, we thought, a recognized fact; and the only error lies in attributing it to blindness caused by cold, instead of to sickness induced by over-feeding.

To conclude with the preface: it is disappointing. It must surely have been originally written as an introduction to an as yet unpublished history of the Marine Biological Association, over which Professor Lankester so ably presides; but the history of that institution and the history of modern investigation are, as already indicated, by no means identical. It would therefore have been in better taste had Professor Lankester introduced Mr. Cunningham’s work as our leading biologist rather than in his official capacity at Plymouth, even though he choose to consider the latter the prouder position. One sentence we read with considerable satisfaction—that in which Professor Lankester admits the value of co-operation on the part of “amateurs all round our shores.” This frank admission makes it hard to believe, were we not assured of it on unimpeachable authority, that only three years ago, when invited to associate his name with the inception of a now large and influential body of amateur sea-fishermen, Professor Lankester gave it as his opinion that amateurs did more harm than good

whenever they interfered in such investigations. Repentance has come late indeed, but even at the eleventh hour it should be acceptable.

The illustrations serve admirably the purposes of a scientific manual of this sort, though all who recall the beautiful coloured plates that embellished Mr. Cunningham’s monograph on the sole will regret that one or two were not included in the present volume. Nothing, however, can seriously detract from the great value of the book; and our regret at its small compass is tempered with the hope that future enlarged editions, bringing up to date the author’s later researches in this much-neglected field, are from time to time in store for us.

#### THE LAW OF EVIDENCE.

“A Treatise on the Law of Evidence.” By His Honour the late Judge Pitt Taylor. Ninth Edition. By G. Pitt-Lewis, Q.C. London: Sweet & Maxwell. 1896.

THE editor of this book has performed a great feat. He has found in a new edition the means of sensibly reducing the bulk of the text. Evidently he appreciates the value of this performance, as he sets it in the forefront of his preface, thus favourably differentiating himself from the mass of editors. They usually claim to have “enlarged and rewritten the work throughout,” much in the spirit of an incoming lessee of a public-house, who announces that “the premises will be enlarged and under entirely new management.” Even so, “Taylor on Evidence” remains a very large book (the table of cases alone fills 195 pages); and, looking at its bulk, it is with hardly less surprise than relief that the reader (we should imagine), the reviewer certainly, learns that “no inquiry is proposed into the origin of human knowledge.” Whatever attractions such an inquiry might have in other circumstances, it has no place in any discussion of the ordinary conduct of daily life, and therefore of English law. Courts of justice are wholly concerned with what philosophers call phenomena, and they only break down when they attempt to go behind them. Logic and testimony are both instruments, or methods (to adopt Greek phraseology); they are both concerned in the discovery of something else; neither is its own goal. But logic may be an instrument for ascertaining fundamental truth; testimony cannot. Testimony is incomplete, sometimes unintelligible, apart from logic; but we have not yet succeeded, and apparently shall never succeed, in raising human conduct to a deductive science, so that in ordinary life logic could dispense with testimony. We require to be possessed of phenomena, or, to speak more plainly, if less accurately, of facts, to be able to make much use of logic; and it is the function of testimony to enable us to apprehend facts. The best evidence, we feel, is that of our own senses; but that may be fallacious; and how much more fallacious the transmitted apprehension of things by other people’s senses! If we want to get at facts, it is necessary to understand and regulate testimony in the abstract. This the practice of the Courts (not law, it is no question of conduct) has attempted; and if the attempts have been rough and ready, the outcome of practical difficulties as they happen to arise, it is not the Courts that we must blame. Their function was to deal with matters that came before them, and not to theorize on contingencies. The rules of evidence, as they work out in practice, are, of course, theoretically incomplete; they sometimes let in what is false, and keep out what is true; they are not such that the finding of even a judge in accordance with the evidence is of necessity correct in point of fact. You may be keeping out what is true and relevant by not allowing third-party evidence; but the line had to be drawn somewhere. If you let in “hearsay,” the chances of accretions and variations in transmission are so great that in the long run fact will better be arrived at by keeping out than letting in such evidence. New facts, again, might be brought out by going behind a former judgment; but practical convenience requires that there shall be finality somewhere. The duty, too, imposed on a jury of finding according to legal evidence may mean that one or more of them, possessed of extraneous knowledge, has to

\*find against his own belief. (We do not say that he usually would do so; but he should if his sense of duty as a citizen makes him a fool.) To leave it open to a judge or jury to find on grounds other than the evidence before them might once in a way leave room for a more correct decision, but it would deprive parties and the public of all hold over legal tribunals. The test by which the rules of evidence, as all legal administration in England, must be tried is, What is the best way out of the difficulty in the long run? This test the practice as to evidence will stand better than many departments of English law; and it is more than doubtful whether the growing laxity in this connexion encouraged by the Bench, and especially by the present Lord Chief Justice, will produce the results the judges presumably desire.

Few persons realize for how much testimony counts in the world of ordinary life. We talk of things and make them the basis of elaborate calculations, when a very small variation of the testimony, by which these things are apprehended, would bring the whole edifice of thought and sensation to the ground. It may be true that things exist independently of testimony; but for those who apprehend them only by testimony they are, in effect, its creation. If testimony could be raised to an exact science, new phenomena—we might almost say new worlds—might immediately be brought within the range of daily life. Take, for instance, the old story of the great sea serpent. Here we have a considerable body of testimony pointing in a similar direction, and yet we can no more make intellectual use of the sea serpent than if it had never been heard of outside the pages of a novel of Jules Verne. Why? Because we have no method of testimony on which we can rely. To illustrate this point, we may mention that we have ourselves conversed with a man in an official position in West Africa who saw within a few yards of his vessel and watched for a considerable time, a sea monster corresponding closely in form with some of the antediluvian reptiles (to use a popular term). He was willing to put his statement into an affidavit, and was not shaken under cross-examination by an experienced barrister. Here was evidence on which we do not hesitate to say a jury would have had no option but to find the statement true; and yet we do not pretend to be convinced ourselves, nor would even so credible a narration at first-hand satisfy the world of the existence of the sea monster in question. The legal system of testimony does not reach the point of conviction.

"Taylor on Evidence," as now brought up to date, has all the faults and all the merits of a standard text-book of law; much learning, astonishing accuracy, painful industry spread over a mass of detail, so minute as to obscure any intellectual plan the author may have had in approaching the subject. Law-books are never alive; they are museums, where every part of the subject's body is carefully laid out and labelled, so that a visitor who had seen the living animal might learn something of its anatomy, but one who had not could make nothing of the dead bones and fragments of bones set out with such infinite pains. The truth is such books try to combine two mutually exclusive elements: the immediate necessity of the practising barrister on the one hand, and the intellectual apprehension of law on the other. All the advocate wants is an index to every conceivable point, which will enable him most readily to turn up any case that bears upon it. The last thing he wants is to have to read a page before he can get to the particular point of his own case; but this analytical treatment, which his requirements demand, is fatal to intellectual work. Advocacy, again, must resort to every possible or impossible authority, but this very multiplicity of cases overloads and drags down the book to an unintellectual level. The two things being incompatible, why not keep them distinct, to the great gain of both? Either is possible by itself; each is spoiled by the other. The White-Book is in the hands of every practitioner; but who would look at it with a view to understanding something of law? The legal writings of Sir Frederick Pollock are intellectual and quite readable; but practising barristers say they are of no use. Both the White-Book and Sir Frederick Pollock, however, serve their respective purposes, which is more than can be said for these ponderous text-books.

## THE COCKPIT OF EUROPE.

"The Balkans: Roumania, Bulgaria, Serbia, and Montenegro" ("Story of the Nations" Series). By William Miller, M.A. (Oxon.) London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1896.

THE first thing that has to be said about this latest addition to the "Story of the Nations" series is that it makes its appearance at a singularly opportune moment. The Balkans, as Mr. Miller reminds us, are to-day what the Low Countries were in the middle ages—the cockpit of Europe; and it is not possible to understand the great problems now awaiting solution in South-Eastern Europe without some knowledge of their history. This history, for centuries past, is mainly writ in blood spilled by the unspeakable Turk, and the special appropriateness comes in just now because, unless all the indications are at fault, we are on the eve of some striking change in the relation of the Turk to the rest of Europe. For its intimate bearing on the eternal Eastern question, and because it is the first concise account that has been presented to English readers of the history of the four Balkan States of Roumania, Bulgaria, Serbia, and Montenegro, Mr. Miller's book is deserving of a cordial reception. There is a vast mass of history, ancient as well as modern, packed closely in these pages. The author has not been content to sketch the modern history of the Peninsula. The ancient glories were the greater. There was a time when the Servian and Bulgarian Empires were Powers that had to be reckoned with, and when their respective rulers each governed, with the proud title of Tsar, a considerable realm, the resumption of which is still the dream of ardent patriots. Probably few people in Western Europe are aware of this fact, which nevertheless counts for more than a little in the existing situation. It is desirable, too, in appraising this situation, to bear in mind the mutual jealousies of Bulgarian and Serb, the struggle of various races for supremacy in Macedonia, the alternate friendship and enmity of the Russian and the Turk, and the many other factors, few of them readily recognized, which have been not without effect on the general position. It would be easy, of course, to make too much of them; but this is a pitfall which Mr. Miller avoids, and for the rest it may be freely admitted that the man who is familiar with the main course of Balkan history, especially that part which is concerned with Turkish domination, has furnished himself with a solid groundwork for a study of the whole question in its present developments. This groundwork Mr. Miller's work furnishes. It does not deal exhaustively with the subject. That was presumably beyond the author's scope—certainly it was much beyond the compass of a volume of this size. But as an introduction it should prove invaluable; and one may without hesitation recommend it as a conscientious endeavour—eminently successful, too—to present in a popular form the life history of some very interesting peoples. Though closely packed with details, as already hinted, the presentment is lucid; and dealing with such peoples as it does, the story could not very well fail of being attractive.

The four States are treated separately, and the arrangement is distinctly an advantage. And, though he gives due prominence to modern affairs, the author starts at the beginning with each one of them. Thus, in the case of Roumania he traces its history from the time—about 106 A.D.—when the country was inhabited by the Dacians, who reminded Ovid of Mars himself, and who spent a good portion of their spare time in ravaging the Roman province of Mœsia, the present Bulgaria, until their king Decebalus—no mean hero—was pulverized by Trajan. After the Roman occupation came the barbarian invaders, who did not finally disappear until the end of the thirteenth century. Then, after three centuries under Vlad the Impaler, John the Terrible and other rulers whose records are more exciting than edifying, came the Phanariotes and the Russian occupation, the revolution of 1848, the Crimean War, and finally independence and proclamation as a nation. It was a fine thought that suggested the making of the crown of Roumania's first king from the Turkish cannon which he had captured at Plevna. There are, as above hinted,



some ardent patriots who still cherish the dream of a big Roumania which shall embrace the Roumanians of Transylvania and Bessarabia as well as those of the kingdom; but the dream is likely to remain in dream-land. Emancipation from Turkish suzerainty was perhaps enough to be going on with. The story of Bulgaria is brought down to the assassination of Stambuloff, and Mr. Miller is as indignant as the most virtuous of us could be over that abominable business. Bulgaria's period of greatness was under Tsar Simeon, when, as Gibbon puts it, the country "assumed a rank among the civilized Powers of the earth." He was a bloodthirsty ruffian, this Simeon, given to such amiable pleasantries as sending back prisoners with their noses cut off; but he was both ambitious and successful in attaining his ambitions, and not even the "big Bulgaria" projected by the Treaty of San Stefano in 1878 would have covered the same area as the Bulgaria of his day. In the case of Servia, we have a long story of Turkish misdeeds scarcely less revolting than those of Bulgaria, followed by two chapters on the emancipation and on the modern kingdom—the war with Bulgaria, the squabbles of Milan and Natalie, and the accession of Alexander I. Of Montenegro has not Mr. Gladstone said that its traditions "exceed in glory those of Marathon and Thermopylæ and all the war traditions of the world"? There may possibly be two opinions as to this dogmatical and comprehensive assertion; but that need blind no one to the true nobleness of Montenegro's struggles for freedom and its lofty aspirations.

#### RECENT VERSE.

- "Units." By Winifred Lucas. London: J. Lane. 1896.  
 "Musa Piscatrix." By John Buchan. (Bodley Head Anthologies.) London: John Lane. 1896.  
 "Tales of Ind; and other Poems." By T. Ramakrishna. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1896.  
 "Lays and Legends of the Weald of Kent." By Lilian Winsor. With illustrations by Margaret Winsor. London: Elkin Mathews. 1897.  
 "Songs from the Greek." Translated by Jane Minot Sedgwick. London: John Lane. 1896.

MISS LUCAS aims at subtlety; and she certainly achieves ingenuity. The little poem which gives the title to her volume is very characteristic:—

"Love turns a year to days.

An hour

He breaks

To instants separate as a diamond shower;

He shakes

From its dull face a blaze

Of pointed rays,

Made units by his power.

So from the rule of tyrannous Time he takes

The months, weeks, days,

And separate pulses of their treasure makes

To Time's amaze."

The writer of these lines possesses evidently the faculty of imagination; but the perusal of her volume leaves us with a sense of disappointment. And the reason is not far to seek. The fault that blunts her gift is very manifest when we come to a poem on a simple human theme, like that headed "Oh, child of mine!" It expresses a mother's jealousy of sleep intruding between her and her child. But it expresses it in a way that makes it seem an intellectual "conceit" rather than an emotion. Miss Lucas is on a dangerous path. She seems to have taken for models the "metaphysical" poets of the seventeenth century. Her book is dedicated to Mrs. Meynell, and Mr. Patmore's influence is apparent.

"Musa Piscatrix" is a collection of short poems or scraps of verse, more or less connected with angling, from Phineas Fletcher and Izaak Walton to Charles Kingsley and Andrew Lang. Poetry-lovers will find it too big a book for its subject, and anglers, we fancy, will find it too small. It is not recommended by the six bad etchings which illustrate it.

"Tales of Ind" is a decidedly interesting little book. Mr. Ramakrishna writes excellent English, though now and then his lines, to an English ear, do not scan

easily, owing to misplaced accents. He has, what is rare among good poets, the art of telling a story. These tales, admirable material in themselves, are told with great simplicity, clearness, and natural feeling; the descriptions are good, and there is not too much description. The author professes a great admiration for Tennyson; else we should have imagined that his style was founded rather on Wordsworth's idyls. Not seldom one is reminded of "Michael" and the "Brothers," not only in the simplicity of the characters and of the whole atmosphere, but even in the actual verse.

"And often, as the new flood rushing down

With the still waters of a sleeping stream—"

is not that just the cadence of a Wordsworthian simile? Mr. Ramakrishna has, by the way, some excellent similes, which are no doubt the fresher to us because taken from Indian life and Indian scenery. We only wish that the volume had undergone another revision, and that the metre had been mended where at present it halts.

Miss Winsor has produced a pleasant volume of Kentish ballads, set in the framework of an old Kentish farmhouse on a Twelfth Night gathering, when the company sing songs and recite ballads in turn. There is quiet humour, observation, and melody in her verse; but its chief charm lies in the atmosphere created, the sense of country life and country ways, far removed from modern bustle and filled with a homely fragrance of old traditions, old as the hills and plains. Miss Margaret Winsor's illustrations are admirably in keeping.

Verse translations are rarely very readable. Miss Sedgwick's "Songs from the Greek" form an exception; they run with a happy smoothness. The translator has been wise, and transposed the originals into poems that are frankly English, with English models or parallels evidently in her mind. The famous choruses from the "Cædipus Coloneus," especially the great *ὄρις τοῦ πλεῖστος μέγας* chorus, lose something of their severe beauty in the light measure to which Miss Sedgwick sets them; but many of the later pieces are excellently matched in verse that recalls at once English classics and the kindred charm of their originals.

#### ECONOMICS FOR THE STATE.

- "Introduction to Public Finance." By Carl C. Plehn, Ph.D. London: Macmillan & Co., Limited. 1896.

POLITICAL Economy has hitherto concerned itself with the fortunes of the individuals who compose a community, because in the view of its orthodox writers private enterprise was the universal and eternal condition under which industry is prosecuted. But the political economy of the future will have its attention largely absorbed by the industrial and financial operations of the State, which is the official and organic expression of the community. For the functions of the State are ever widening, and the field of private enterprise is correspondingly contracting. As Dr. Plehn reminds us in this book, almost the sole object of State expenditure was originally the support of religion: if the present trend of State activity proceeds much further, the provision of religious consolation will, curiously, be nearly the only important industry left to private enterprise. How far this absorption of the individual by the State will really proceed we leave to Mr. Herbert Spencer and his Socialist enemies to wrangle out among themselves; but it is needful to recognize that the process has already advanced to a point at which separate scientific treatment of it is demanded. This, however, political economists (except in Germany, where treatises on public finance are prolific) have been slow to recognize. Oblivious to changing conditions, they have pursued their quest of the Economic Man and his industrial habits and characteristics, and troubled little about the expansion of State activity. Four years ago the attention of English students was directed to this new department of economic science by the publication of Bastable's "Public Finance," and Dr. Plehn has now followed with a contribution from California. He pre-



fers to treat his subject as distinct from political economy: to our thinking, it comes quite properly within the scope of that science. Surely a more admirable synonym for public finance could not be found than the term "political economy." But, after all, this is merely a detail of terminology.

The design of Dr. Plehn's book is the classification of the numerous matters relating to public finance, and his purpose is expressed in the words of Dunoyer, quoted on the title-page, "Je n'impose rien: je ne propose même rien; j'expose." He strives manfully after rigid, scientific impartiality. He talks to you freely on the many ways in which a State can raise and spend money, and tabulates opposing methods, but heroically suppresses his own opinions on the wisdom of the various courses. It is an admirable piece of self-detachment; for we are not to suppose that Dr. Plehn is indifferent to all these matters, and we have failed to discover in his book a single occasion in which he has tripped. The atmosphere of a Californian University must be very pure and unruffled by the polemical gusts which sweep over less favoured homes of learning. Dr. Plehn talks in detail on all sorts of controversial topics, from wages and the Income-tax to Socialism and Protection, and the reader gleans scarce the faintest hint of the author's opinions. He has certainly imbibed the scientific spirit in big draughts, and so, in one respect at any rate, amply qualified himself for his task. Nor does he fail in the other necessary qualifications. He is always lucid; and that is much; and he is usually accurate. We have noted one or two exceptions only on this score. Here is one:—"In England the provision for education made by public authorities is generally less than in most other countries, the sole exception being the provision for technical education" (p. 48). We are quite ready to subscribe to the truth of the first part of this sentence; but with regard to the last words, we should be inclined to attribute them to the Professor's remote residence, had we not come across a somewhat similar misstatement made by an Oxford Professor a few weeks ago. Anyhow the assertion that we lead the world in technical education is ludicrously untrue, and its utterance is especially mischievous just now, when an encouraging disposition to strive hard to make England equal in this matter to her European rivals is manifesting itself. Dr. Plehn fell into another curious error when (on p. 60) he coupled Norway, Belgium, Switzerland and Denmark with England as nations which refrained from giving bounties and Protection. They are not so highly Protectionist as his own country, true; but he can surely never have examined the import duty list of those States, or he would not have committed himself to such a statement; he was strangely forgetful, also, of the sugar bounty system of Holland and Belgium, and of the latter's State-subsidized transport, which, though indirect, is an export bounty pure and simple. We will quote one more case in which Dr. Plehn has been caught napping. He says (on p. 192) that "specific duties are now retained mainly for simple commodities of uniform value per unit, or for rough groups of articles, whose value is easily ascertained." Now if Dr. Plehn will make a comparative examination of the import duties of different nations he will see that specific and *ad valorem* duties are clapped on in very haphazard fashion, and that differentiation according to the class of goods is largely an affair of his imagination. Take one example: paper goods of nearly all kinds pay an *ad valorem* duty on entering the United States, Turkey, Holland and Bulgaria; other Governments impose specific duties.

In a work of another kind—a book advocating some particular reform, for instance—it might not have been necessary to call attention to isolated errors of fact; but in such a volume as the "Introduction to Public Finance" perfect exactitude, though perhaps almost unattainable, is yet of essential importance, and its author would do well, in a future edition, to correct his lapses from accuracy. It will be worth taking the trouble, for the book is a useful book, breaks new ground, and defines with cold, logical precision a number of terms in common use which are usually served up hot with polemics. It attempts nothing beyond classifica-

tion and definition, Dr. Plehn preferring the humbler, but necessary, preliminary work of laying out in due order and labelling with proper names. So the book is of considerable importance, as marking a step forward in the study of a subject of great and ever-increasing magnitude.

#### PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.

"The Apostolic Age." By Professor Carl von Weizsäcker. Translated by James Millar, B.D. Vol. II. London: Williams & Norgate. 1895.

THE Oxford Long Vacation was originally an arrangement for allowing scholars to earn their bread by mowing and reaping at harvest-time, and it is much to be regretted that professors, and especially German professors, never endure the wholesome discipline of the scythe and the sickle. It must have had a wonderfully sobering effect, and it would nip many an ingenious theory in the bud for these gentlemen to eat and drink with bargees, stonemasons, farm hands, and wheelwrights. It would shed a flood of light upon their imaginings, for these craftsmen are the nearest equivalents we have for those who were bishops, teachers, prophets, elders and editors in the primitive Church, and though they are quite ready to quarrel and say spiteful things of one another, they are entirely incapable of producing a body of literature which is chiefly made up of sly hits and deep digs. They could not fight with inner meanings and subsumed satire, the claws of which are sheathed in the velvet of innocent story. That is the controversial method of Tübingen, no doubt; but primitive Christians were too apt to wield far simpler and less civilized weapons in their controversies. So much of Professor Weizsäcker is excellent that it is a pity he should insist upon looking at the Apostolic age through such modern German glasses. No doubt the great battle of the Paulines and Petrines was a real event and ought to loom large in the story of the time; but is it possible to think that the parable of the Prodigal Son was chiefly a "pregnant and instructive narrative, a doctrine in the form of example," to satirize and to re-unite the quarrelsome brethren in post-Apostolic times, through the agency of the Christus party?

If the reader can be patient with this book, in spite of this taste of learned and ingenious unreason about it, the rest is convincing, or at the least plausible. He will learn how gradually, how unexpectedly, and how undesignedly the Jewish element gave way. No one aimed at abolishing it, least of all St. Paul, though he was not popular at Jerusalem, and had every provocation, if our author may be believed; and it is really pleasant to read an enthusiastic eulogy over that indomitable and versatile genius, even though candour obliges the author to deplore "his fighting instinct as well as his theory, his restless activity as well as his tendency to spiritual extravagance." The scattered notes upon the books of the Revelation are remarkable for their force and clearness, but is it possible to believe that the Epistle to the Colossians was compiled to edify the later Paulines, and that Philemon was an appeal to the Petrines to take back the runaway Gentile churches? The "allegorical character" of the last, however, is "at once apparent in the name Onesimus." But Onesimus occurs three or four times as a slave's name in the corpus of Latin inscriptions, and fifteen times in Muratori, and elsewhere not seldom. Were all these things but pretty bye-plays and sepulchral allegories to gird at the rival dons? Of course all right-minded middle-class readers have noticed the prominent place which the poor take in the New Testament. Indeed young men are rather apt to contrast these passages with the opulent and highly respectable character of the modern Church, and it is often difficult to silence their wagging tongues and to reduce them to a due respect for fine linen and the Christian aspirations after massive emoluments. In this predicament, in the hour of such need, it is well to have a wiseacre by one's side and to be able to confute these irreverent gainsayers by a really great authority. We need not be perturbed over these unrestful passages. They have all been interpolated, and cannot for one

moment bear the tests of Tübingen. The following extract may not be very creditable to the translator's knowledge of English, but it will refresh many perplexed and gain-loving citizens, and raise the author greatly in their eyes:—"The tidings of the kingdom was" (yes, was) "certainly given by Jesus Himself as the gospel of the poor, in the sense that the comfort it brought was, especially helpful to them, and they were especially receptive of it. But now it was worded as if it was meant only for them, or as if they possessed a right to it above all others. Poverty gave a claim to future recompense; poverty was glorified as a certain pledge of election. And in harmony with this the rich incurred the judgement. To mammon, to wealth, the attribute of unrighteousness attached inalienably (Luke vi. 20-26 [xii. 21], xvi., xxi. 1-4). Here we have to recognize an advance in the views taken of the actual conditions. The community continued poor; its poverty increased in an ever-greater degree; it was a subject of contemptuous criticism, an inducement to oppression. Hence sprang the temper of the elect who called for help; hence their judgements" (p. 349). If only those unhappy Christians could have had a little more pocket-money, the writings of the pseudo-St. Luke would have been tuned in a very different key, and much pain have been spared in endowed circles. How many good things Germany has given us in her time! Gratitude would flow in a noble stream if we could only be quite sure that her productions were made to last; and that is the only bar which chokes the river of our thanks for all the information given us by Professor Weizsäcker.

## FICTION.

"The Dice of the Gods." By John James Temple. London: Digby, Long & Co. 1896.

THAT "the dice of the gods are always loaded" is a pleasing if venerable platitude, but this rambling narrative does not illustrate the inexorable character of destiny better than any penny novelette chosen at random. Gertrude Paget threw over Langton Goss because he was poor, and married Charles Drew because he was rich. Goss inherited a property adjoining that of the Drews and called upon Gertrude, who kissed him and asked him whether love is not eternal. "That is a conundrum I cannot answer," he replied; and hurrying off to a German watering-place, he met an American girl at *table d'hôte* and married her almost immediately. Meanwhile Gertrude sought to console herself with a bold, bad baronet, who persuaded her to elope to Venice, but could not persuade her to consummate the elopement. She determined to commit suicide. She wondered whether the water was very cold, and "to satisfy herself she knelt down and touched it with her finger." After much cowardice, extending through two chapters, she tumbled in and made frantic efforts to save herself. Some one pulled her out, and the Gosses attended her death-bed. The baronet was stabbed by an ex-mistress in "a silent *calé*." Against such puppets as these the gods surely do not need to load their dice.

"Sapphira of the Stage: How Sebastian Goss, being dumb, yet made love to her, and what befell." By George Knight. London: Jarrold & Sons. 1896.

After the last-mentioned book, another hero with the noodle's name of Goss led us to anticipate foolishness; and foolishness we have found, though it is not without a certain perverse strength in spite of a thick leaven of crudity. The doctrines of heredity, already threadbare in fiction, are here stretched to the uttermost limits of absurdity. Everybody is the illegitimate child of everybody else and behaves accordingly. Sapphira was supposed to be legitimate because, like her reputed father and his children, she had two thumbs to her left hand. But Amos Lent knew better. Her basilar-phrenometrical angle was fully thirty-five, and anything over thirty is the index of the human tiger, so she was obviously the child of John Moir, whose angle was thirty-seven. She was not a member of "the" profession, as her title suggests, but helped her mother with a bar on a landing-stage at Liverpool. Such were her fascinations

that six admirers were either murdered, condemned for murder, drowned, or victims to *delirium tremens* on her account. The dumb man used to flirt with her by writing in a note-book. He confronted her with a list of her victims, drew a line and wrote "Seven —?" "Sapphira laughed once more; once more Sebastian wrote: 'And last of all the woman died also.' Sapphira's face went black with passion." And well it might, for the prophecy was destined to come true. She fell in love with an empty-headed cowardly member of the *demi-gomme*, whereupon Goss carried her off and pulled her into the quicksands. The book is amusing in spite of its silliness, and the telegraphic style makes it a suitable companion for a short railway journey.

"Lord Edward Fitzgerald." By M. McD. Bodkin, Q.C. London: Chapman & Hall. 1896.

"What a noble fellow was Lord Edward Fitzgerald," wrote Byron, "and what a romantic and singular history his was! If it were not too near our own time, it would make the finest subject in the world for an historical novel." Possibly it might in competent hands, but in those of Mr. Bodkin it is neither romantic nor singular. So dull is the book as a whole, that it would be impossible to credit Mr. Bodkin's Irishry were it not for his incoherence and bombast. We can only praise the illustrations for their peculiar appropriateness, as they are ill drawn and depict a very uninteresting set of people and places.

"A Modern Siren." By Julian Harvey. London: Digby, Long & Co. 1896.

We suspect that Mr. Harvey is as ignorant of the attributes of a siren as he evidently is of the laws of grammar and the manners of society. His book belongs to a class which is characterized by a servants'-hall veneration for baronets. "It's well to secure a baronet, isn't it?" says one of the characters to the siren when she is engaged to that august personage; "they don't grow like blackberries." The baronet is the model of all the virtues, of course, but he commits the indiscretion of marrying, *en secondes nocces*, a siren young enough to be his daughter. She and his grown-up son, who, by the way, is engaged to a very nice girl, fall violently in love with each other at first sight. His honour militates against his politeness, and for a certain time he repels his stepmother's advances; but when she writes to him that she is meditating suicide, he hurries home from Paris and occupies a secret room in his father's house. There are "dreadful goings on" until a jealous young woman plays Judas very unnecessarily and improbably. If the baronet does not precisely say, "Bless you, my children," his inclination to forgive and even accept paternity is distinctly unsavoury, which, indeed, may be said of the book as a whole. The siren's suicide and death scene are meant to be pathetic, but are nothing of the kind.

"Kate Carnegie and those Ministers." By Ian Maclaren. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1896.

Every constant and interested reader of novels must at times have felt a desire to know in what estimation the author himself holds one or other of his works, and the desire is especially strong when the book is an easily separable mixture of good and bad. No one with an ounce of discrimination would hesitate to set down portions of "Kate Carnegie" as poor stuff, and, on the other hand, only prejudice could blind him to the fact that certain passages in the drawing of the hero are not poor. The difference is plain enough, and yet we doubt if the author possesses sufficient taste to see it, though he ought to have had some consciousness of it at the time of writing. There is a deal of humour in the book, small, niggling humour, and cheap facetiousness, a deal of unattained sentiment, attempts at emotion that fizzle ineffectually like ill-judged catharine-wheels on a damp evening. The heroine is generally cheap, and very seldom anything but an easy piece of manufacture; her father is cheap, and their pious home-coming (which is intended to be affecting) is also cheap; and, finally, the oddities of Drumtochty have become cheap by this time—the clear-sighted told us they were of no great value many months ago. And



Ian Maclaren's cheapness stands out marked in such plain figures because he fancies himself. He pats himself on the back; he is facetious with an air of self-satisfaction; he stands up with a solemn visage after a page of pathos, watching for the tears to start into your eyes, secure in the knowledge that you will not endanger his volume by using it as a missile, because it has a market value as a novel. In fact, he wants a "good shaking," and that, of course, is exactly what he is not in the least likely to get. It is a pity, for here is this exploiter of the cheap and easy vein proving in "Kate Carnegie" his ability to present a hero with a fairly decent character—an achievement that has not been permitted to many a finer artist. We see Carmichael eager and egotistical with the unselfish but tyrannical egoism of youth; we see him high-souled and petty, tactless with the single-hearted seriousness of inexperience, now devoted, now youthfully inhuman—a preposterous combination of smallness and bigness in depression and exaltation. Up to the nineteenth chapter he has figured before us as a fine character on the whole, and yet we are not surprised when he is suddenly revealed to us as so very small and shallow beside the "Rabbi," his old master. The young man is confident that he can coax "dear old Rabbi" round with a few pleasant words; and when he sets about it he has a "pleasing sense of humility and charity," for the dear old man is hardly up to date. From light self-satisfaction to pettishness, from pettishness to perplexity, and thence to the final cruelty and inhumanity of undisciplined youth, the "savage sense of satisfaction that the Rabbi was suffering," through all these changes he is revealed in his smallness and shallowness. And yet he is the hero, not a mere secondary silhouette of shallowness, still the same hero, an admirable and powerful nature. We do not say that these two chapters are fine pieces of work; but they are fine in so far as they present Carmichael in an unexpected but convincing light. And this is an achievement—there is no doubt about it; we have not invented or dreamt the young man. There he stands, presented with very little bare explanation, and drawn apparently with the same ease with which the author spins, has spun, and will in all probability continue to spin, yards of cheap humour and cheaper sentiment.

#### REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE "Nineteenth Century" is not over-brilliant this month, though it contains one or two articles that afford food for reflection—Mr. Leonard Courtney's defence of the Democratic programme, for instance. Reaction against the violent abuse of Mr. Bryan was bound to come, and it is appearing now in more than one place. Mr. Courtney begins by arguing that the difference between the Republicans and Democrats in the matter of the currency has been exaggerated, and he has much to say for the Democratic view; then he goes on to take the Bryanite platform point by point and defend it—income-tax, antagonism to trusts and to government by injunction. Liberals do not seem to be able to write with much success on the subject of a Leader, and the Rev. Dr. Guinness Rogers confines himself to a rather colourless defence of Lord Rosebery. Mrs. S. A. Barnett has much that is interesting to say in her condemnation of barrack schools—a peculiarity of this country. She opens with the terrible verdict, "the more flawlessly a barrack school is managed, the worse it is for the child," and she proceeds to discuss systems that approach more nearly to family life, though arguing that variety in the treatment of various children is better than any one system. Major Charles à Court's article on French naval policy is written with no little spirit. His energies are chiefly directed to showing that the high hopes the "Jeune Ecole" entertain of a "war against commerce" are not at all well founded. The Rev. F. A. Gregory's account of the French in Madagascar is chiefly interesting because of the little tales of French courage and gallantry in the island. Mr. Thomas Shaw describes the "Educational Peace of Scotland," and Mr. H. J. Palmer the changes that have come about in the methods of advertising in newspapers.

The "Fortnightly" is decidedly good this month. Mr. William Archer contributes the kind of article that readers of the monthly reviews so rarely find—an article that is properly constructed, well balanced, complete, lucid, fitly illustrated; a production that reads like one whole thing. Sir Edward Reed combines an enthusiastic account of the scientific achievements of Dr. Cornelius Herz with an emphatic condemnation of English supineness in allowing him to be persecuted. "Imperialist" defends the part played by Mr. Rhodes in the Jameson raid and admiringly and confidently reviews his position at

present. Sir Henry Havelock-Allan dismisses conscription in favour of such an expansion of the Volunteer movement as should embrace every able-bodied man in the country, while the Earl of Meath answers the letter of a Radical who prefers the American Constitution to our own. Miss Edith Sellers draws a lurid picture of the adventurous Dr. Carl Peters, a man whose misdeeds seem only to be equalled by his courage. "A Son of the Marshes" gossips pleasantly of old guns and old sportsmen, and Mr. H. D. Traill is impatient of Mr. Crane and regretful over Mr. Morrison. Mr. Traill sometimes gives one the impression of lingering rather a long time on the surface of criticism; but the passage where he points out that Mr. Morrison errs in making the suggestion of life's dreariness a peculiar quality of "mean streets" is worth considering. Mr. Harold Spender gives his experiences in the strange republic of Andorra.

The "Contemporary" is not uninteresting either. Mr. E. J. Dillon is one of the writers on foreign affairs who manage not to be too drearily prophetic and self-important, and his review of European politics during the year and the outlook for 1897 is succinct and comprehensible. Mr. W. L. Alden, too, writes a readable little account of Italy in Africa, pointing out that Crispi was hostile to the occupation of Massowah, and that long before the defeat of Adowah he had wanted to recall the unfit Baratieri. Mrs. Wedgewood, in the course of a rambling disquisition on ethics and literature, says quite a disproportionate number of enlightening and suggestive things—no one need be frightened by the title, for the writer is, happily, engaged all the time treating ethics only from the point of view of the artist. Mr. Holman Hunt talks well of the ecclesiastical art that copies antiquities instead of expressing living thoughts. An anonymous author, who discusses the health of soldiers in India, argues that such things as discipline, self-restraint, and good example are not altogether hopelessly ineffectual, and shows that, at any rate, he is not joining in the clamour of an irresponsible mob of moralists, but merely repeating the official recommendations that have been recorded again and again. Father Sidney F. Smith defends the Papal Bull on very plain grounds. The Pope agrees with the High Churchmen in saying that ordination should suggest sacrificial power, and with the Low Churchmen in denying that Anglican ordination suggests any such power.

In the "New Review" M. Paul Valéry talks philosophically of Mr. Ernest Williams's and M. Schwob's revelations about the overwhelming growth of German exports, and Mr. Ernest Williams himself begins a new terror in his "Foreigner in the Farmyard." "Colonial" points out that England has been in the habit of looking upon the settlement of boundaries purely from an English point of view, without considering the Colonies whose boundaries were under consideration. An anonymous author denies that we are an athletic people; this is the sort of thesis that holds great possibilities of entertainment, and the writer does not miss them. The headmaster of Loretto answers Mr. Ready's attack on public schools.

The "National Review" is not remarkable this month, though it contains a picture of "Hampton Court in Bygone Years" that has all "E. V. B.'s" charm about it. The "Episodes of the Month" are sprightly as usual, and they are largely concerned with a defence of Bryan's programme. Mr. Spenser Wilkinson suggests that national defence should be entered upon in a businesslike spirit. Let us, he says, record the matters at issue with other Powers, let us decide which causes we are going to make good, and let us put this list of possible enemies in the hands of our admiral and our general. Mr. Bernard Holland tells the history of English misdeeds in dealing with Irish Roman-Catholicism. Mr. W. Hallett Phillips declares that Cuba is worse off than Armenia, and Mr. Morgan Richardson is confident that there is no particularly "Welsh" Land Question. Mr. Traill certainly has no right to cry out against an exaggerated admiration of Ibsen so long as he is willing to print all sorts of invented nonsense about "Little Eyolf." One exaggeration will always be met by another. We gather from his review that the play was chiefly written to show how ignorant Norwegian villagers are, since they express great astonishment at the fact that such a thing as a crutch should float. Nobody seems to have anything really to say on the subject of nurses, and Miss Nancy Paul is no exception. Professor Dicey contributes an appreciation of Lord Pembroke.

"Cosmopolis" is certainly taking its place as a publication to which one looks forward with some confidence. If the English section is not interesting one month the chances are that the lack may be supplied by the German. The unchanging presence of M. Jules Lemaitre and M. Emile Faguet puts the French section beyond the reach of doubt. After reading Mr. Archer's review of the Theatre in London, we may well feel envious of the Berliners who have such a wealth of material to discuss. Herr Neumann-Hofer deals with new plays by Sudermann (the three "Einakter" published in "Cosmopolis"), Hauptmann and the young Viennese Schnitzler—not to mention other playwrights whose work is less known. Herr Anton Bettelheim speaks this month of the great publishing firm of Reclam. The first twelve volumes of the "Universal-Bibliothek" appeared thirty years ago. "Ignotus" draws a dark picture of England's

position vis-à-vis to Russia, and M. de Pressensé regrets that England has remained in isolation, not for the old reason that she might live in harmony with Europe, but that she may have her hand raised against all. M. Augustin Filon in his two or three pages about "An Amazing Marriage" contends that the "implacable bon sens néo-latin" puts grave difficulties in the way of a French appreciation of Meredith.

## THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

Almanach Hachette (1897). Hachette.  
 Australian Iylis and Bush Rhymes (Henty & Starkey). Digby & Long.  
 Badminton Magazine, The (January).  
 Bates, Thomas, and the Kirklevington Shorthorns (C. J. Bates). Redpath.  
 Belgavia (January).  
 Birds, A Dictionary of (Newton & Gadow). Black.  
 Blackwood's Magazine (January).  
 Book of Fifty Drawings, A (Aubrey Beardsley). Smithers.  
 Boy All Over, A (Harold Avery). Sampson Low. 6s.  
 Building World, The. 2 vols. Cassell.  
 Catholic Directory, The, 1897. Burns & Oates.  
 Century Illustrated Magazine, The (January).  
 Chapman's Magazine (January).  
 Charaka Puja (Chola). Roxburghe Press.  
 Charity Organisation and Jesus Christ (C. L. Marson). Scientific Press.  
 Collectanea (Montagu Burrows). Clarendon Press.  
 Contemporary Review, The (January).  
 Conversion of Armenia to the Christian Faith, The (W. St. Clair-Tisdall). Religious Tract Society.  
 Cornhill Magazine, The (January).  
 Cosmopolis (January).  
 Doctor Forelli (H. Grimshawe). Digby & Long. 3s. 6d.  
 Echoes from Youthland (H. Walton). Marshall Russell.  
 Edinburgh Almanac (1897). Oliver & Boyd.  
 English Wife, An (B. M. M. Miniken). Digby & Long. 6s.  
 Fortnightly Review, The (January).  
 French Reader, A Higher (E. Weekley). Clive.  
 Hampton Court (W. H. Hutton). Nimmo.  
 Humanitarian, The (January).  
 Investment Index, The (January).  
 Investors' Review, The (January).  
 Lady's Realm, The (January).  
 L'Épopée Byzantine (G. Schlumberger). Hachette.  
 London Society (January).  
 Macmillan's Magazine (January).  
 National Biography, Dictionary of. Vol. XLIX. (Sidney Lee.) Smith & Elder.  
 National Review, The (January).  
 New Faust, A (A. Synthe). Digby & Long. 6s.  
 New Review, The (January).  
 Nicaragua Canal, The, and the Monroe Doctrine (L. M. Keasbey). Putnams. 12s.  
 Nineteenth Century, The (January).  
 Nugge Litterarie (W. Mathews). Sampson Low. 6s.  
 Poetry of Sport, The (Hedley Peck). Longmans.  
 Progressive Review, The (January).  
 Psychology, Outlines of (W. Wundt). Williams & Norgate.  
 Reprobatus (H. Salkeld Cooke). Church Printing Company.  
 St. Nicholas Magazine, The (January).  
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